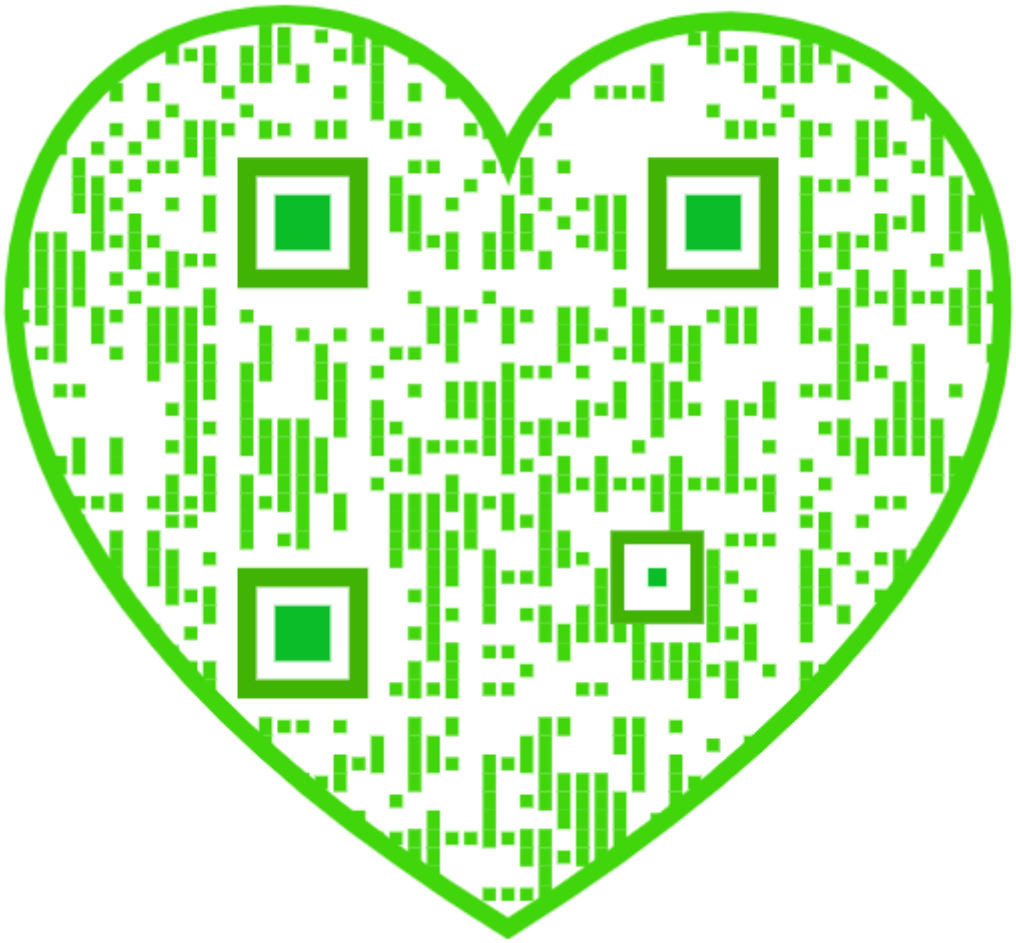
COLLEGE JOURNALISM



COLLEGE JOURNALISM

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INTRODUCTION

College journalism rounded out its first century in this country with the unnoticed centenary of the Dartmouth "Gazette" which appeared in 1800 and had Webster for a contributor. It is one hundred and twenty-nine years since George Canning in 1785, at the age of 15, began at Eton the journalism of the student by the publication of "The Microcosm." A dozen years later, the group which began with him and passed through Christ Church in his company, added the "Anti-Jacobin" to English literature, the work of young men in their mid-twenties, writing in the college spirit of parody, echo, verse and satire.

In the century and a third through which, first in England and then in this country, the periodical publications of the undergraduate have drawn to their pages every writing man in college, their issue has gone through forty years of fugitive serials, which lasted for a few weeks or months, and a period of another forty years of monthlies, following the magazine and quarterly—still the type of English college journalism and surviving here in a number of colleges.

For the past forty to forty-five years, the American college journalist has steadily turned to the newspaper as his model. Whether issued monthly, fortnightly, weekly, semi-weekly or daily, almost every American institution has to-day a paper which reflects in form, in purpose, in plan, in contents, in writing and in organization, the daily newspaper. In the microcosm of college, it fills the same field, it discharges the same functions and has the same representative character as the American daily in the microcosm of our cities. These papers express the student-body more completely and more accurately than any other organ. They both form and lead student opinion. The closeness with which they are read by teacher and taught is a sufficient proof that they cannot be neglected. Like all human institutions, they could, doubtless, be improved. They are the subject of a daily criticism which is the best possible proof of daily attention. But they remain, year after year, attracting to their pages the same

type of college student, the goal of ambition perpetually renewed, the brief scene of recurring effort to reward, to improve, to inspire and to lead college life.

Exactly as the newspaper absorbs many who would pass on into literature, so college journalism draws to its rapid writing, its daily utterance and its laborious toil, many who in the earlier days of undergraduate periodicals would, like Canning and Frere, have turned to the authors and not to the editors of their day, for their models; but this does not lessen the value of our college papers to our colleges. They were never more than to-day, the open windows through which the world sees the college world. The personal responsibility of those who conduct these papers was never more strongly felt and never, I believe, more honestly or honorably discharged. Trying they sometimes may be to those in authority, but so all good newspapers have been since Caesar seized the management of the Acta Diurna and Sapor beheaded a scribe. This volume of selections is but one of a number of like collections which have gathered the spirit of publications whose files are so infrequently complete, and whose study is still to come. Every such volume makes it the easier to see what these periodicals are. They unite the college world, they keep in touch students and institutions, they give our college education a common atmosphere, common aims and a common and wholesome readiness to challenge what is, to demand the better and to desire the best.

Talcott Williams.

March 23, 1914.

School of Journalism,
Columbia University.

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WRITING AND EDITING OF NEWS

PREFACE

Conformity to type is the affliction of the average college newspaper; it is this standardization that does more than anything else to make the college paper uninteresting even to the students who are directly concerned in the activities it reports. In the following pages, the point most emphasized is the necessity of getting away from this dullness, characteristic of most undergraduate publications.

Ever since undergraduates conceived the idea of publishing a newspaper which should be peculiarly their own, college news has been written in much the same fashion. Succeeding generations of candidates have read the literary achievements of their fathers in the files of the college paper and have modelled their style accordingly. There may be something of exaggeration in that—certainly, there have been improvements of late years, in a good many instances; but the fact remains that the tendency of the college paper is toward monotonous repetition of the same subjects, handled in the same way.

The college newspaper, at its best, is subject to transitory influences, and the degree of its excellence must vary as its editors change from year to year. There is however, a very real opportunity for service, despite this handicap. If a paper has any excuse for existing, it has no excuse for inefficiency or slovenliness. And this is certain—that, whatever effort may be expended in the formulation of new ideas and methods on a college paper will be doubly rewarded in the training secured—a training that must, inevitably, reflect its value in after-life.

General—Mr. Charles R. Williams, editor of the *Indianapolis News,* in the style-book which he prepared for the use of his reporters, writes: "The qualities most to be desired and striven for in newspaper writing are accuracy of statement—in small things as well as in great, in particulars as well as in essentials—simplicity, directness, accuracy and point. Never attempt fine writing for the sake of fine writing; never use big words where small words are possible. Go right to the heart of the subject without flourish of trumpets or introduction. Stop when the story is told without conclusion or moral or tag."

The above statement summarizes the art of news writing and, although it was intended for the reporters of a city daily, it is just as applicable to the men who do the reporting of college news. "Simplicity, directness, accuracy and point" epitomize the style needed in college newspapers; all other things are valueless if these essentials are lacking.

Preparation of Copy—Candidates should be careful in the preparation of copy. Write on one side of the paper and use a wide space between lines; typewritten copy, because it is easier for both the editors and linotype operators, is much to be preferred. There should be a generous margin at the top of the first page of copy for a head, which is written by the editors, and not by the candidate. Use wide paragraph indentations and paragraph frequently. No paragraph should exceed one hundred words; the average length is seventy-five words. Take pains that your writing, if you do not use a typewriter, is legible; do not write over words or figures—always scratch out and rewrite. Print out unusual words and all proper names carefully. If you wish to make an insert in your copy, mark the proper place "insert" and similarly mark the copy which you wish inserted. Read your entire story over carefully before you hand it in to the desk. Make sure, particularly, that your proper names are correctly spelled, that there are no omissions and that your facts have been told clearly.

Conciseness—Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the im-

portance of conciseness and simplicity in writing for college newspapers. The average student has neither the time nor the inclination to wade through long, involved sentences, or to determine the meaning of obscure constructions. A news story will tell itself if it is set down without literary ornamentation; it is not necessary to seek for oddness of expression—the best story is that which is written in a simple, straightforward style. Long words are to be avoided, unless they are indispensable to the effect of the sentence; the short word is usually more expressive.

The Use of Slang—Slang of the kind which is supposed to be characteristic of sporting journals has no place in a college paper. As a matter of fact, slang is rarely used even in city newspapers; plain English is just as effective and often much more easily understood. Technical sporting terms, of course, are not barred—there are certain terms which must be used in the description of a football or baseball game. But "pilfering second" and "scooting around the bags" are neither necessary nor attractive.

Triteness of Expression—Trite phrases are the worst offenders in college journalism. Common-place, bromidic observations upon athletics and other college activities fill the average paper—the reason usually being that candidates model their writing upon what they have observed to be the standard in the files of the paper for past years. A visiting athletic team invariably is "an unusually strong organization, with a well-balanced scoring machine"; a football game invariably is "fast and hard-fought" and concerts by the college musical clubs always provoke the comment that they "were well-rendered and received hearty applause." This kind of writing deadens a paper to the point of dullness; it can be avoided by candidates who will confine their statements to facts. It is not necessary to say that a visiting team is exceptionally capable merely for the sake of the story; it will be just as interesting to college men to know that the team is exceptionally poor. All college athletic events are not interesting—some are exceedingly tiresome. If a game is poorly played and lacking in features, say so; if you know that your college's opponents in a particular athletic event has had a poor record, put the fact in your story. Above all things, do not read the files of your paper solely to copy the style used in the past. If you try to imitate that style, you will deaden your own and be-

come the victim of innumerable hackneyed phrases which have long since been ridden to death.

Accuracy—Accuracy is the essential of any newspaper, whether a college publication or not. Without it, the paper has no reason for existing. The first lesson a candidate has to learn, therefore, is that the facts of his story must be absolutely correct before he hands in copy to the desk. News is worthless if it is not truthful; a paper's prestige depends upon its reputation for accuracy of statement. No candidate can hope for success who refuses to make sure of even the smallest details of the news he has been assigned to write. Names, class numerals and addresses are just as important as the larger facts of the story. If a man has more than one initial, use them all; if several men in college have the same name, make sure that you distinguish between them, both as to their initials and their class numerals. You cannot be too careful, make sure of that.

Style—It cannot be repeated too frequently that simplicity is the most important element of style. It is more difficult to write clear, accurate newspaper English than it is to write an essay. Good writing can best be learned by careful observation of the style used in such newspapers as the *New York Sun,* the *New York Evening Post,* the *Chicago Tribune,* the *Springfield Republican* and papers of similar standing. The following rules may be laid down for every candidate:

Crowd the main facts of your story into the first paragraph and let the other facts follow in logical sequence.

Let your story, so far as possible, tell itself.

Try to develop a plain, straightforward style, without embellishments.

Above all, be concise and make your statements to the point. This does not necessitate writing in short, choppy sentences; it means that your sentences should never be awkward and cumbersome.

Learn to think about what you are writing. Submit every sentence to the test of reason; make sure that your statements are logical.

Form the habit of visualizing your ideas before you set them down. Plan your story before you start to write; group your facts in their natural order and make sure that you follow that order.

COPY-READING AND HEAD-WRITING

Copy-reading—Of all the tasks that come within the scope of an editor's duties, the most important is that of copy-reading. In the last analysis, this is the art of sensing the fitness of things —taking for granted the editor has a working knowledge of grammatical construction and of the minor essentials of diction. A college paper, like the daily newspaper, can never be a model of pure English; it is put together more or less hastily and time is lacking in which to re-write all the undesirable material contributed by candidates. Its editors, however, can do much to eliminate the more glaring violations of good usage.

Reading copy is not a mechanical process; it is not sufficient to go through a story merely to correct grammatical errors. Each story must be read as it will appear to the reader and the general tone of its diction carefully observed. This is one of the chief difficulties confronting the editor who is as yet untrained in his work; it is almost impossible for him to see each story as it will look in print. There is a vast difference between news as it seems on first reading and as it looks in the type; constructions that are awkward and unwieldly are likely to be overlooked in the eagerness to secure grammatical perfection; diction that is mechanically correct and yet obviously cumbersome is often passed by unscathed. The only method of overcoming this fault is by intelligent study of good newspaper style.

The man who reads copy on any paper must have a knowledge of the essentials of style, if his work is to be at all successful. To acquire this knowledge, he must eliminate from his own writing the more common errors. His place as copy-reader demands an even greater knowledge of the technique of good writing than was necessary for him as a candidate, or reporter. It is one thing to recognize faulty diction and a wordy style; it requires ability of a different kind to make the changes which will transform an indifferently-written story into a readable one. The awkwardness and turgidity of a beginner's English are apparent to almost anyone; but it is only the trained man who can point out wherein lies the weakness. This analytic quality is

absolutely necessary to a copy-reader. College professors of English acquire it from their work in the classroom; undergraduates on college papers will not be able, of course, to read copy with the accuracy of a college professor of English, for the adequate reason that they have not had an identical training. They can give efficient service, however, with comparatively short training.

In the preceding chapter, clarity and conciseness were laid down as the principles of good news writing. These are even more important for the copy editor, who frequently finds it necessary to rebuild and strengthen a story and who is not able, because of lack of time, to re-write the entire story. The copy-reader must be able to consider the "construction of paragraphs and sentences, the choice of words and figures. Each paragraph should have an attractive beginning that will catch the reader's eye in rapid reading. Close connection should be maintained between the sentences in the paragraph. The copy-reader must transform the weak, rambling sentence into a firm, coherent statement with an emphatic beginning. For the trite, colorless word or phrase, he must substitute the fresh, picturesque one. The too figurative flights of exuberant fancy in one young reporter's fancy must be toned down, and the bald, prosaic narrative or description in another is given life and interest. In short, the copy-reader's work is constructive as well as critical; it is as important for him to rewrite and rearrange as to cut out and boil down."*

Head-writing—Head-writing is one of the most difficult of the new tasks which a man just starting his work on a college paper has to learn. The extreme difficulty lies not in the composition of suitable headings for news stories, but in confining those headings to the space allowed by the width of the newspaper column. It is annoying to discover that the mechanical restrictions which have made thirteen "ems" the limit of a column, eliminates what one has developed as an attractive caption. The head-writer with a normal fund of synonyms, however, is soon able to overcome this difficulty and to adapt his ideas to the exigencies of the situation.

* From "Newspaper Writing and Editing," by Willard Grosvenor Bleyer of the University of Wisconsin School of Journalism.

Once the mechanical method of writing heads has been mastered, it remains for the copy-reader to develop the faculty of making the heads he writes tell the main facts of the story over which they are placed. Study of the city papers is the best training in securing this ability. A casual analysis of the heads in any issue of a metropolitan newspaper will show that every caption tells fairly completely the story which follows it; that the heads bring out the biggest facts clearly and briefly. The head-writer on a college paper rarely has to write captions for stories of exceptional sensation, so his task is limited to a comparatively narrow field.

The function of a head is to outline the news. Different papers have varying styles of heads, but the one essential of any head is that it shall bring out facts of the story following. Its top lines should tell the most important feature in a brief sentence. This part of the head should contain at least one verb; it should be written with short words, if possible. Adjectives are entirely undesirable and adverbs should be limited to those which are absolutely necessary to the sense of the head. The succeeding decks under the main head should elaborate upon the facts of the story. Verbs, being the most expressive, should be preferred and there should be a minimum of adjectives. "The" should be used no oftener than necessary, for it weakens a sentence.

Tense should never be changed in a head; the tense used in the first two or three lines of the head is usually the present, and this should be followed through the lower decks or pyramids. Change of tense makes the head ambiguous, besides being grammatically incorrect.

The main deck or "drop-line" part of a head should never have a hyphenated word from line to line. The following is an example of this error:

BASKETBALL FIVE SUS-
TAINS FIRST DEFEAT

Slang, unless it has been dignified by good usage to some extent, should never be used in a head. Whatever has been said in regard to the use of slang in news stories may be applied also to head-writing.

MAKE-UP AND PROOF-READING

The editors of a college paper usually have a comparatively small field of variety in making-up or composing their newspaper; for, as a rule, the smallness of the paper is a handicap which prevents the use of any of the tricks of make-up which are within the province of the newspaper desk man. The average college paper is one of five columns—and attractive, varied make-ups in five columns are difficult of achievement. Those papers which are fortunate enough to use six columns offer greater opportunities to editors, and there is less trouble in getting out a first page which has some resemblance to the make-up of a city paper. Because of the handicaps mentioned, it is impossible to lay down any definite rules for the mechanical composition of a college journal; the conditions under which it is printed determine, almost entirely, the way in which the paper can be made up and the extent to which its editors can make it conform to newspaper good taste.

News of a sensational character rarely comes to the desk of a college paper; so that there is little occasion for the use of spread-heads. Most of the news that is printed is a normal report of the daily activities of the college. The only task for the make-up editor, therefore, is to arrange his news so that it will be displayed to the best advantage and so that the paper will be uniform. It is a truism that the important stories should be given the larger headings and that the news of lesser value should have smaller captions. Yet, too many college papers allow the size of the story, rather than its importance to determine the kind of head which is to be placed over it. It is not always true that the facts told in a column are more important than those told in a half-column.

The arrangement of the important and less important news stories is related to symmetry as well as to news-values. The make-up editor should strive to have his first page attractive in its general appearance. To accomplish this, he should make sure that the heads on the first page balance as much as possible.

There should be a minimum of short one- and two-paragraph stories at the bottom of the columns; if possible the stories should be so gauged as to fill exactly the columns in which they are placed. Stories which are more than a column should be "broken over" into an inside page and not allowed to run into part of the adjoining column on the first page.

The make-up editor should use a "dummy" for the guidance of the printer. A "dummy" is a graphical representation of each page of the paper, with the places assigned to each story marked upon it. The "dummy" also is useful in determining the space to be filled and the amount of space which can be allotted to the several kinds of news.

The college editor, as a rule, has to determine rather accurately the number of words to be printed in his paper. This can best be done by approximating the number of words to an inch of printed matter and then totalling the number of inches in the paper. A short experience in making up will soon make it easy for the editor to estimate the space which is available for news and also to gauge, with a degree of accuracy, the space a certain story will occupy, without stopping to calculate it mathematically.

STANDARD TYPES OF NEWS

There are certain kinds of news which are standard for almost every college paper; the most frequent are preliminary stories on important athletic events and descriptions of football and baseball games. There is a tendency toward a set style for this type of news and both candidates and editors grow into the habit of following the banalities and bromides of former years. It has been said before that slang is not desirable in any kind of writing, whether it be of athletic events or not; so that slang as a remedy is eliminated at the start. As a matter of fact, however, slang is not necessary to make a story attractive. Athletic news can be written in conformity to the rules of good usage and at the same time can be kept from becoming stilted or hackneyed. The following description from *The Daily Princetonian* of the Yale-Harvard football game of 1913, illustrates this:

There have been great games of football between Harvard and Yale in the past, but few of them ever measured up to the struggle in the Stadium last Saturday. Anyone who would get an accurate idea of what kind of football it was must forget the score, for 15 to 5 is the criterion of the difference between having a Brickley on a team and not having one, rather than of the relative ability of the Harvard and Yale elevens as units. Had not that greatest of intercollegiate kickers been in the Harvard lineup, the glory of the Crimson sunset might have been dimmed, to say the least; and those insignificant two points that Yale cornered when O'Brien casually stepped back across his own goal line might have played a very important part in the football championship of 1913.

Brickley Unbeatable

But Brickley was there—in more senses than one—and he showed once more the tremendous handicap that any opposing team labors under when it attempts to cope with his wizardry. No human power can prevent an eleven from winning, when that eleven has in its lineup a man who can be depended upon to score every time he gets within the forty-five yard limit. The Harvard eleven was simply unbeatable on Saturday, but it was unbeatable almost solely because of the genius of its great fullback.

But, forgetting Brickley and the final score, it was one of the greatest games ever played in the Stadium; Yale was not beaten until the last field goal had been sent spinning over the bar, for up to that time, there was always a good chance that Wilson or Ainsworth might get away and tie the score. They never did—Brickley and Mahan took care of that—but they made some attempts that kept the Crimson partisans on the edges of their seats.

Yale Had Not Slumped

Yale had lost nothing in the week after its desperately-played tie with Princeton; there was evidence of the same fighting line which stopped the Tiger backs so effectively, at New

Haven last Saturday. The Blue forwards did not hold Harvard as they held Princeton, but they came up to scratch in the crises and were invincible when the Crimson got within the twenty-five yard line. Little good that did, though—for when Mahan's swooping dashes and Brickley's low, bull-like rushes failed, Logan simply sent Brickley back and that capable individual promptly sent the ball between the uprights as non-committally as though he were pouring at a Back Bay tea instead of bringing a football championship to his college.

There were other individual stars, too, and they loomed up large, even in spite of Brickley. Wilson carried the ball as well as he did against Princeton, and he made none of those errors of judgment which marred his play in that game. Ainsworth was spectacular a week ago, but he was even better against Harvard. He stuck close to his interference and got away for a couple of long runs around the end.

Marting a Great Center

One man, however, stood out above all the rest on the Yale team. He was Marting, the big center. Marting was in every play in the line and tackled all over the field; his passing was almost perfect. Ketcham, who has been All-American center for two years, played beside him, but was hardly in a class with this most recent of Yale stars. Harvard's backs will be a long time forgetting how hard Marting tackles.

For Harvard, the change that put Hardwick at end instead of halfback, proved entirely salutary. He missed Wilson once or twice and was boxed once so that Ainsworth got past safely, but these slips were few and far between. At other times, Hardwick went after his man with deadly certainty and once within striking distance of the runner never failed to bring him down. Dana, a substitute, played a star game at the other end and ran well with the ball. The Harvard wings, on the whole, were far superior to those of Yale. Gilman, who played guard, a position new to him, showed much more ability than he did against Princeton and bore the brunt of the defence in the Crimson line.

Great Crimson Backfield

It was, however, not the line but the backfield which won for Harvard. And in the backfield, Mahan and Brickley stood head and shoulders above the others. The former punted better than he has done all season and ran back kicks with the same dazzling success that marked his play in Princeton. He was by all odds the best open field runner of the day; the Yale ends were almost helpless against his remarkable ability to twist away from a group of tacklers. Mahan is a great player and his star is still in the ascendant—he will be dreaded almost as much as Brickley next fall. As for Brickley himself, no other comment is necessary than that his name was practically synonymous with Harvard Saturday.

As a game of football, it was the good old style, with lots of rough work thrown in. The few forward passes tried by each team failed, and it was evident from the first that it was to be a kicking duel.

Dropkicking won

One thing has been proved this year—and at no time as conclusively as on Saturday: no team can score a touchdown against anything like a team of equal strength by straight rushing. Neither Harvard, Yale nor Princeton could show a running attack worthy of the name within the 25-yard line, although it is possible that Harvard might have been able to pierce the Yale defense, had Brickley not been available. Of these three Eastern teams, Harvard showed the best attack. But, at that, the fact remains that football to-day is dependent upon dropkicking, and the team with the best kicker wins. This year, that team is Harvard and so another championship goes to Cambridge; only, they are celebrating more than a mere victory up there just now. A hoodoo has been killed —Yale has been beaten in the Stadium.

Preliminary stories on football and baseball games need not be confined to the much-used statements in regard to the "strength of the visiting team" and the "Varsity's excellent record." The preliminaries which follow are taken from *The Daily Princetonian* and *The Cornell Sun*. They vary agreeably from the set standard of such stories.

From the Daily Princetonian

The day of the Yale game has come. The Princeton team will close its season this afternoon under the eyes of some thirty thousand people who, every two years, pack the stands around Yale Field to see these two great rivals settle the question of football supremacy between them. Princeton has held the upper hand for two years, with a victory and a tie game, but there is a long string of Yale victories yet to be effaced before the two teams will be even.

The majority of football critics pick Princeton to win, which is in itself a bad sign, for they have been proved wrong in three consecutive years. In 1910, Princeton was a heavy favorite and lost, 5 to 3. The next year Yale was looked upon as an easy winner; but Sam White picked up a lose ball and upset every prophecy. Last year they said Flynn would tear through the Princeton line at will and Yale would win; instead, Flynn never was able to get started against the fast-charging Varsity line—an unknown halfback stepped into the breach and saved the game for Yale with a forty-five yard dropkick. Therefore, we hesitate to rejoice very heartily over the forecast for the game. A change of weather, a blocked kick, a fumble—those are the things that win football games, not the prophecies of the newspaper writers.

Yale Lineup Unknown

A discussion of the Yale team, player by player, is impossible because no one outside of the Yale coaching staff knows just what the composition of the Blue team will be. There has been a shake-up every week, each of which has involved Captain Ketcham; Ketcham has played this season at center, guard, defensive fullback and end, besides going back for punts and kick-offs. He is the keystone of the team and the line-up depends on where he will play.

The backfield is fairly well settled, however, and is said to be a strong one, although it includes only one veteran, Dunn, who will be remembered as the man who fumbled the ball which Sam White picked up in 1911. Knowles is a first-class punter, probably the equal of Law, but his reputation as a kicker of field goals is by no means as great as Baker's. There is a likelihood, though, that Pumpelly will be in shape to kick if the opportunity is given. The ends have given the coaches a lot of worry, but one, at least, should give a good account of himself; that is Avery, a veteran of two years' standing. Talbott is a good tackle but he will need to be, for Phillips is a hard man to take care of. Warren or Pendleton will be up against Ballin and it goes without saying that either one will have his hands full. Ketcham and Cooney seem to be the choices for guards and Marting for center. They are all experienced men and form the strongest part of the Yale team.

Records Favor Princeton

The records of the two teams in their early games offer small grounds for conjecture as to what they may do at the close of the season. A team which is developed slowly is likely to be far steadier in the crucial games than one which has reached top form by the middle of the season. Both Yale and Princeton have been tardy in development this year, Yale in particular having been slow to get under way. After the showing which each made last Saturday, however,

there is every reason to believe that the two teams which will line up on Yale field this afternoon will be at the height of their power.

Yale has won five games, tied two and lost one, rolling up 118 points to her opponents' 16. Princeton has won six games and lost two, with a total of 176 points to opponents' 18. Unquestionably, Princeton's schedule has been much the harder of the two, and the defeats have been administered by Harvard and Dartmouth, the two teams which are generally conceded the premier place in the East. On the other hand Yale has been scored upon in but one game, when the giant Colgate machine tore up the Blue defense and piled up a total of 16 points. In every other game, Yale's defense has been well up to requirements, although until the Brown game, there were evidences of great weakness in attack.

Blue Hampered by Injuries

It must be remembered that Yale has been more handicapped by injuries this season than any big team in recent years; most of the cripples, though, are back in the line-up now and Yale will show her full strength to-day. At best it is an untried team that will take the field against Princeton—a team which has great possibilities, but nothing more. Yale teams have been made in a week before, and it may have been done again this year, but the coaches have rarely had such a long way to go.

Yale has yet given no evidences of a strength which could successfully stand up against a team playing the way Princeton did against Harvard a week ago, but it must also be remembered that "Yale is always Yale," and anything is possible in football. Two great questions will be answered this afternoon—how much has Yale improved, and can Princeton play as well to-day as a week ago? On these two answers hang victory or defeat.

From the Cornell Sun

Promptly at 2 p. m. the first of the big athletic events of Navy Day starts when Cornell faces Yale on the diamond. On the issue of to-day's contest depends the standing of the red and white aggregation in the final choice for the so-called intercollegiate baseball championship of the East.

So many surprises have occurred to date in the results of games with teams that early in the season were almost universally conceded to be in the first rank of the running for the title, that almost everything depends on the five or six big matches yet to be played. One of these is to-day's struggle on Percy Field. On the event of the Yale-Cornell, the Princeton-Yale, and the Yale-Harvard settos, and the several games yet to be played by Pennsylvania, Williams, Amherst, and Brown, hangs the tale. To-day's battle will go far toward giving the dopesters a definite line on how the final round-up will stand.

Coach Coogan is still uncertain as to who will pitch for the Varsity. Either Nisbet or Hightower will twirl, and McCormick will receive. The rest of the line-up remains unchanged, except that the position of right field is still undetermined, either Mahoney or Thomas being scheduled to fill in here.

The following story from *The Cornell Sun* is an example of a well-written account of a baseball game. Because of the fact that the Sunday newspapers already had told the story of the contest, which was a fourteen-inning struggle between Yale and Cornell in 1911, the play is not described in detail. Nevertheless, the happenings that were the features of the game and the notable incidents are summarized in a comparatively brief story which is both concise and interesting.

From the Cornell Sun

In a fourteen-inning struggle, marked by frequent hitting and numerous cleverly executed plays, Cornell wrested a hard fought victory from the sons of Eli last Saturday on Percy Field. In the ninth inning with the score 5 to 2 in favor of the home team, Yale started a rally in the proverabial bull dog spirit and before the Ithacan rooters who were fast beginning to file out of the stands for the observation train, had recovered from the surprise, Yale had landed on the ball for five safe hits, netting three runs and tying the score, 5 to 5.

O'Connell played a sensational game for Cornell. In the thirteenth, with the bases full and none out, he gathered in Badger's long fly to deep center making a beautiful throw to McCormick and catching Reilly as he slid for home; and in the final period, his timely clout to center brought Hightower across the plate for the run that won the game.

Butler started the hitting in the second, with a clean grounder over second. Mahoney got to first on Reilley's error, advancing Butler, Dauenhauer sacrificed, and Butler came home when Burdett muffed the left fielder's throw-in of Howard's fly.

Yale scored their first run in the third, when Freeman rounded the bases on a pass, Corey's two-bagger and Badger's fly to right. In the fourth, Mahoney and Dauenhauer scored on two well placed singles, forced bases from a free pass to McCormick and a wild throw from pitcher to first base, Freeman fielding Nisbet's easy bounder and throwing a foot over Reilley's head. Dauenhauer and Howard scored again in the sixth on Yale's errors and Cornell's hitting.

In the eighth, Badger tallied for the Blue, and in the ninth the Elis landed on Nisbet for three safe hits, with none out, and Reilly scored. Hightower was sent in to replace Nisbet but another safe crack to center by Stevens scored both Badger and McGhie. From now on till the last half of the fourteenth when with two out and two strikes called, O'Connell's drive brought in Hightower and ended the game, neither side was able to bring in the necessary run.

Summary

Cornell	Yale
Magner s. s.	Corey, r.f.
Clute, 1b.	Badger, c.f.
O'Connell, r.f.	Gross, l.f.
Butler, l.f.	Stevens, l.f.
Mahoney, r.f.	Bennett, 2b.
Dauenhauer, 2b.	Stillwell, s.s.
McCormick, c.	Burdett, c.
Howard 3b.	Carhart, c.
Nisbet, p.	Merritt, 3b.
Hightower, p.	Reilly, 1b.
	Scott, p.
	S. Freeman, p.
	*McGhie

*Batted for Scott in the ninth.

EDITORIALS

A want of conviction, disseminated through a series of long, involved, and often poorly constructed sentences, is the salient characteristic of the majority of editorials that appear daily in the various college newspapers. The weary editor, firmly convinced that he must personify the expression of public opinion, tries to be all things to all people, and usually succeeds in having no influence over any of them. Editorials are stereotyped, hackneyed and commonplace, when, by their very nature, they should be teeming with the vitality and vigor of youth. Premature old age, accompanied by the dread of having a self-conceived dignity ruffled by adverse criticism, compels the average editor along the popular line of least resistance. Instead of becoming a leader, he remains a lamb in *medias res;* consequently, his editorials lack force.

The cleverness with which the college editorial writer straddles the fence on all debatable questions, is very impressive. He reserves himself semi-dormant at the apex of conventionality: welcomes students back, issues bromidic sermons to freshmen, holds up the poor grind to scorn and ridicule, moralizes upon the waste of time, etc., and so rants on in a well-oiled groove, day after day for a year, taking the small things seriously and the serious things not at all. Only occasionally does he rise in his wrath to champion the faculty-ridden undergraduates against a dictum of the mysterious divinities who are arbitrarily shaping their ends; or, maybe, to vent his spleen in reprimanding an unlucky group of culprits who have committed a breach of respectability. The average editor religiously avoids taking sides on or precipitating any issue that might possibly throw the college community into a state of agitation or unrest. He fears that his hastily-formed judgment might, in the last analysis, be wrong, and that his paper might lose prestige. The pursuance of such a policy produces two effects: undergraduates stop reading the editorials and the paper's influence becomes negative. The editor should always take a bold and firm stand; the editorial column will then attract attention, discussions will ensue, and, whether the conclusions of the editor are right or wrong, he will

start men thinking. His aim should be to stir up thought, not to play hide and seek with public opinion. Colleges are too prone to be temperate beds of conservatism. Unrest is a symptom of progress. The United States has been in a state of unrest ever since and long before 1492. If the college does not reflect the nation and fit men for life in the nation, it does not fulfill its purpose.

Put old institutions to the test of reason; question mildewed conventions; suggest revisions in the curriculum and in the official regulations; avoid pessimism, while showing that the best can both be retained and attained. You will be thoroughly damned for your trouble, but you will render a great service to your university.

Effectiveness of assertion is synonymous with style in editorial writing. The editor who has nothing to assert has no style; the editor who has a central idea and who states it in good plain English will find that the power of style will accompany his convictions to the end. Write and re-write; read and re-read; study industriously the world's best literature. Do not for a moment believe that your election to the Board has converted you into such a paragon of the pen that, like the Irishman who knew Latin from Alpha to the Omega, you may cast books aside as superfluous. Express yourself audaciously. Omit unnecessary sentences. Make your editorials short but full of substance. Give them the vigor and freedom from restraint that attracts. You will drive your point home more successfully than if your style is labored. Curtail apologies for existence and bundles of dryasdust platitudes; forget that you may make mistakes; be original and take some chances with the editorial column; a display of life and initiative on the part of the editors alone can force college newspapers to spring into advanced positions of leadership.

The editorials that follow are in no sense to be taken as models of excellence. A few of them are splendid, the majority mediocre, and some of them poor. But they all express different ideas, and, taken in toto, are trully representative of American colleges. They portray the work of the present generation of college journalists, and are published that the next generation may see and learn and improve accordingly.

THE SWAN-SONG OF THE 1912-13 SUN BOARD

"The end crowns all, and that old common arbitrator, time, will one day end it."—Shakespeare.

Running a bank, taking a jaunt up into the Arctic, serving time in one of those places where they stop you if you try to get out, and directing the policies of a college daily, have all one thing in common. That is that, sooner or later, there must be an end. There is an end to the 1912-13 Sun Board. The 1912-13 Sun Board is through.

It is with no hypocritical protestations of deep sorrow, keen regret, and the like, that we at length lay down the oars. We are through, and what's more, we are glad of it.

But with the joyful sense of freedom at release from the more or less burdensome responsibilities of our post, there assail us small compunctions, slight prickings of the conscience, when we look back upon the year: "we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done," and we wonder whether, after all, we have given of the best of us to the work which has so long been ours.

In a motley, shifting phantasmagoria there come rushing into memory the erst departed ghosts of the problems that are past, as well the problems that are present. Your indulgence but an instant as we roughly recapitulate the more salient of the questions that for twelve month past have stirred the student mind: fraternity "rushing"; upperclass advisers for freshmen; the revival of the inter-scholastic track meet; the perennial football problem; the local street-railway facilities; underground committeeships; the "no-treat" system; the student ballot; the awakening of the C. L. C. A.; the "Class Book"-"Cornellian" merger; lower admission rates to athletic contests; the rearrangement of Senior Week; the Penn State football controversy; better freshman football schedules; the College of Forestry; the Star Thea-

tre disturbances; a Central Employment Bureau for Cornell; cheerleading; the latest tragedy on Cayuga Lake; the Agricultural honor system.

These and a host of other questions have claimed the part attention of the undergraduate world. New problems will arise as the old are solved. The more the better. Even internal dissension is to be preferred to stagnation and undisturbed repose.

In its attitude toward and treatment of the questions that have emerged from out the dead level of complacency and self-content, *The Sun* has endeavored always to be fair. Mistakes have been made, some of them serious, some of them not. For these, large and small, we are sincerely sorry. But in honest recognition of our faults we find consolation in the words of Mr. Wayland: "The only people who make no mistakes are dead people. I saw a man last week who has not made a mistake in four thousand years. He was a mummy in the Egyptian department of the British Museum."

Whatever stand we may have taken has been taken honestly. In a constant endeavor to reflect the correct undergraduate point of view we have borne in mind always that the editorial chair is no place for the wabbler. "Newspapers must take sides. There can be no such thing as a neutral newspaper. Every other man in the community may conceal his opinion and even his action behind the screen of the voting booth, but the editor must come out and take a side."

And, so, pursuing this policy, antagonisms have been aroused, resentments incurred. We are sorry, and then again we are glad. It will be a dismal day indeed for Cornell when everyone comes to think alike. Healthful difference of opinion, honestly harbored and honorably maintained, is good. It is what keeps the blood circulating in the body politic. Independent thought and judgment unconstrained are great and desirable qualities. They are to be encouraged. We may all, however divergent be our views, say truthfully with Stevenson: "Other men may be right; but so, before heaven, are we." Or we may, if so we choose, say with Rousseau: "If I am not better than other men, at least I am different."

And so we retire as gracefully as may be into the oblivion

shared by thirty-two boards of years gone by. Much there is that must be done. The scheme of things, social and corporeal, at Cornell, is yet far from faultless. To the incoming board, we relinquish the reins of office, gladly, fearlessly, knowing full well that they will manfully carry on the work that remains to do.—*Cornell Sun.*

THE NEW YEAR

The 1913-14 Sun Board assumes control of *The Sun* for the coming year with this issue.

Our first duty and pleasure is to give recognition to the outgoing board for the work it has done and the results it has accomplished. No one will begrudge to it the honor of having been at the head of what many men have told us has been the best *Sun* ever published. During its sway, *The Sun* has increased over 40 per cent in size, has become a member of the Associated Press, and has approached nearer and nearer to its ideal—a real newspaper. Its editorial column has continued to exert a powerful influence for good, many evils have felt its power and many reforms have been originated and carried to fruition by the force of public sentiment it has represented. Taken all in all, the outgoing board has led *The Sun* through a banner year.

In looking forward to the new year, the 1913-14 Board refuses to make any high-sounding prognostications. Its highest aim and aspiration will be to give to its increasing roll of readers a constantly better edited, newsier, more accurate, more alive newspaper. Its editorial policy will be to mirror University sentiment as well as possible and to direct it into the best channels. It will, from time to time, make suggestions, urge changes, commend some actions, and condemn others. It disclaims at the beginning any idea of doing the thinking for the University; it merely hopes, by showing a little thinking itself, to make its readers think, and thus accomplish its results. When our readers get into the habit of at least glancing at the "column" every day for fear they may miss something, we shall consider we are succeeding.—*Cornell Sun.*

WORSHIPPING THE IDOL

Williams men are not all bootlicks. Yet many undergraduates here conceive Public Opinion as an idol before which they must remain prostrate. Through three or perhaps four years of their college existence,—we hesitate to call it "life"—they keep their ear close to the ground to catch the slightest murmer of criticism. They do what the crowd does, think what the crowd thinks, and voice only such opinions as the crowd will find palatable.

When many men enter Williams, they become obsessed with a terror of "getting in wrong." They cautiously conform to the opinion of the student public, attempting to make themselves a Williams type. The bargain they make is lamentably poor: they sell their independence for the approbation of their fellows. In less radical cases, they merely extinguish any individual trait which might grate on the community at large. In extreme cases, they become chameleon-like persons who adapt themselves to their companions of the moment. They follow, not their inclination, but the course which they think will meet with popular approval. They never drink too much, for fear of being called drunkards. They never refuse a drink, for fear of being called milksops.

Idol worshippers are not rare in Williams. What causes the adoration of the fetich? The provincialism of a small college begets an overpowering interest in one's neighbor's business. "Knocking" becomes prevalent. A man feels that he cannot achieve success unless he escapes criticism, that is, unless he conforms strictly to Public Opinion. To win ephemeral distinction, he barters his individuality.

We do not presume to attack the institution of Public Opinion. Within certain bonds, it is a great and good force. It safeguards valuable traditions and customs. It prevents the hasty discarding of the fruits of experience. Yet it can be, and is, carried altogether too far,—carried to extremes which are both ludicrous and harmful.

Man, we are told, is endowed with certain inalienable rights. Among these we should include,—restricting them to reasonable limits,—the privilege of wearing such clothes as he pleases, of decorating his face with whatsoever expression his spirit wills, and forming whatever opinions his nature determines. Shall we ostracize a man for the cut of his coat, which departs a trifle from the normal Williams garments, or for his three-inch smile, which varies two centimeters from the conventional Williams expression?

A more broad-minded attitude towards one's associates, a smaller amount of trivial criticism directed against individuality, and less fervent worship of the demigod, Public Opinion, would make life at Williams far more wholesome, free and unconstrained.—*The Williams Record.*

TECH MEN AS SPEAKERS

The three prime requisites of a successful engineer are a thorough knowledge of his profession, the ability to handle the men under him, and the power to reach the men above him,—to talk to them and convince them that he is right. The first of these the Technology graduate is assumed to have; the second comes only through actual experience; the third, while also a matter of experience, is one which should be cultivated now.

The municipal engineer must often appear before various boards, councils, etc., and defend his plans. The man working for a corporation faces the same problem in the board of directors. They all have to be convinced, and to do this one must be a good talker, not as a conversationalist, but as a public speaker. How many of us can get up now before a class of twenty men and put forth a convincing argument?

We have here, as a third-year option, a course in Public Speaking. It is a small course; very few men choose it. Is it not worthy of more notice? Have we not more need for it than this small enrollment would indicate? A considerable fund has just been left Cornell to further this very cause. If it merits that much consideration there, why not more here?—*The Tech,* Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

COMPULSORY CHAPEL

Compulsory chapel at Dartmouth is as old as the College itself, and in its long existence has been closely related to the life of the College and typified much of its best. But there is little more concern with the original significance of compulsory chapel than with the original purpose of the College itself, which was, to quote its charter, "the education and instruction of the youth of the Indian Tribes" in the "Province of New Hampshire." To-day both chapel and College are the developments of ideas, and as institutions are to be judged not by ancient purpose but by their place in present life.

The fact, therefore, that compulsory chapel began as a religious observance is worthy of consideration only as it tends to shape opinion of chapel to-day. And as such it is worthy of much attention, for it tends to deceive. Chapel was founded amidst Puritan rigor, when compulsory church was as common as bread and butter. Community opinion supported it. Since then, however, vast changes have occurred, but compulsory chapel as an institution has not accommodated itself to its new environment. Gibralter-like, it has stood fast, and now presumes a public tolerance which no longer exists. As a religious observance, compulsory chapel is to-day as indefensible as compulsory church, and reliance upon traditional environment should not serve as a blind to this fact.

Beneficial as either church or chapel may be, as religious institutions they cease to have value with the addition of compulsion, for there is no morality in coercion. Compelling a man to be better is only making him worse. Teaching religion with the rod is breeding rebellion. A true expression of religious feeling can only be voluntary; it must represent the inclination of the individual. When such expression is required or forced, the institution which makes the demand is not religious but disciplinary.

Although chapel is compulsory, however, not all men are deprived of its benefits. Many men would undoubtedly attend

chapel if presence were voluntary, and to such compulsory chapel may be of religious satisfaction, a result not due, however, to compulsion, but to volition. Thus it is not the intention here in any way to deny the value of voluntary chapel, but merely to protest against a show of religion which is false or forced, as created by compulsory chapel.

The results of compulsory attendance at a service considered religious are but natural. Although it may cultivate in a few a desire to attend, its influence on many men is negative. If through four years of undergraduate life, a man has been forced to chapel, and to him chapel is one with church, he will probably later become a most indifferent church attendant. Where before may have been apathy, compulsory chapel has bred opposition. Such results are not merely theoretical; they may be found in the attitude held to-day in the student body.

Logically, therefore, compulsory chapel cannot be justified by the reasons commonly urged: that it is of religious benefit, and of disciplinary value. To have religious significance, it must be voluntary; to have disciplinary value, it must be compulsory; but it cannot be both at once. As long as chapel is compulsory, therefore, it should be recognized as what it is, a disciplinary institution. As such it may be as valuable as the classroom. It may instruct; it may stir thought; it may train to regularity; but when compulsory, it must be regarded not as religious but secular.—*The Dartmouth.*

SLANG

It has been growing increasingly noticeable, that the average undergraduate at Toronto is unable to express himself satisfactorily in the King's English. Slang is becoming more and more prevalent, and those addicted to it find themselves unable to make their meaning clear without it. There is little doubt that to this carelessness of language in common speech is due the inability of the average man to speak fluently in public, where correctness is necessary, and also the paucity of language and lack of vigour of expression apparent in most of the writing done about the University. It seems to be generally considered pedantic to be correct in common speech. The use of good English, when there is a slang equivalent, is rather laughed at; and a new and catchy slang phrase is hailed with delight. As a general rule, these phrases are far from being any improvement upon those they supersede. Their greatest recommendation is that they are new. It is a great pity that such should be the case, but there is no doubt about it. The result, as we said, is only too apparent in our public speaking. Have we not all heard the undergraduate orator check suddenly, with a slang phrase at the tip of his tongue, cast about a moment for the correct English, and finally resort to lame and altogether inadequate language, correct enough, but absolutely lacking the vigor of spontaneity? Would not the common use of English, instead of a poor substitute for it, go far to eradicate this? Who has not often been asked by a budding essayist, the proper words to express an idea which he can only convey by means of slang? And have we not often been at a loss ourselves, and in the same predicament?

We pass over mere colloquial inaccuracies, such as split infinitives—though they are bad enough, and only too common. It is the actual misuse of words, to which we refer; the twisting of their meanings so that their mother—the language—fails to recognize them. The habit is far too common in the Varsity. We do not mean to imply that it is not common elsewhere; it undoubtedly is. But it is most to be deplored here, where we

have advantages not possessed by the majority, and where purity and correctness of diction are naturally to be expected.

The worst of the habit—as with most bad habits—is its effect. Lack of fluency and vigour in speaking, lack of precision and force in writing, are its natural consequences. We close by the use of slang the very benefits which a University course is most calculated to give us. To be able to get facility in writing and speaking, the undergraduate will have to be very much more careful in his ordinary conversation.—*The Varsity,* University of Toronto.

OUR BRAZEN CRITICS

Ever since the dark ages when some one or other, not a priest, stumbled on the great truth that there were two sides to every question, college men have no doubt been urged to banish beer and frivolity from their youthful lives. From Bismarck down few have done so. Consequently Mr. Bok declares that college men are lacking in brains and courtesy. Mr. Brown claims that they are flabby dilettantes. Mr. Crane, that they are drunkards. Most Mr. Jones' and Mr. Smiths think that they are fools. The blight is spreading while college enrolments are increasing. It is certainly queer—two incompatibles living on each other. Probably verdant youths are coming to college these days to find out what strange manner of men a four years' college course is going to turn them into—to gather chameleon-sense.

The truth is that there are a lot of nervous wrecks who are not happy unless they are trying to reform something that they know nothing about. Every rabid radical or grapejuice advocate who happens to have been running rampant long enough to believe that he is an image of God always takes a fling at our system of education. It has become such a live topic that anyone who takes the trouble to prepare a cutting enough denunciation of our colleges can burst into print without the slightest difficulty.

The consequence is that the average parent with a son eligible to enter a University is at a total loss as to whether college is worth while. And the real educators, the Presidents of the Universities, are at a disadvantage because they cannot compete with yellow press-agents.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIP

In a few week, and weeks that will truly belie their real length, several hundred seniors will receive diplomas indicating that they have completed their courses in the University. But to most of them graduation will mean far more than the mere leaving behind of four years of college work. It will mean the breaking away from the companionship of many friends, in most cases, breaking away from it forever. They will not feel it so keenly now; they will not realize its genuine seriousness until the next year rolls around and they do not return as usual to the old associations. But those who have any sentiment whatever cannot help but feel the change; it will steal over them unconsciously.

There is nothing like friendship. A college is in a manner a little world all its own; in it we have our ideals and our opportunities; we find our friends; we live in a close degree of intimacy with them; we learn their fads and foibles; and sentimentally, at least, we are a community to ourselves. When we graduate from college we are closing up definitely and finally a certain chapter in our lives. Never again, probably, shall we experience such an absolute change of conditions and environment. We go out and make new friends, but they are not college friends. We may come back for more work, but we are not undergraduates, for when a man graduates from college he can never again be in spirit an undergraduate. He assumed a certain indefinite something that is bound to be reflected in his own attitude and in the attitude toward him of his former college associates. He is no longer one of the boys; he has joined the many other delegations ahead of him to help form that general body known as alumni; and he individually, whether old or young, will have a certain sense of dignity thrust upon him, and will be shown some degree of the deference paid to the body of "old grads" in general.

No, it is of no use trying to avoid it; you, seniors, are about to see a break in that indefinite something which you feel and can't describe, and which you will feel more strongly in the

future—college friendship. If you have made the best of your course, you will realize this and it will have a great meaning to you. If you cannot realize it; if to you college has been nothing but books and lectures and drafting tables and test tubes and ammeters and machine designs; if you have failed to find its sentiments and its associations, then you have not seen a vital part of its real meaning, you have missed one of the very best parts of your college course.—*The Daily Illini.*

ORGANIZATION OF NON-ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Slightly less than a year ago there was a drawn up and submitted through these columns for campus approval, a plan for the consolidation of the non-athletic interests of the University into an association paralleling in a non-athletic field the present Athletic Association. An extensive procedure for organization was also arranged, and a constitution submitted, providing for the ratification of the plan by the separate clubs and publications as they became affiliated. This ratification took place a short while afterwards. The organization provided for the establishment of certain sinking and general funds, for the active supervision by a graduate manager of all contracts, budgets, etc., and for the harmonizing of the various activities. It is not the purpose of the organization to interfere with any of the policies, other than financial, of the allied members. It is the purpose of the new King's Crown, the name which it adopted, to provide a clearing house for the management of the constituent clubs, societies and publications. In this way it is hoped to obviate the many conflicts between Columbia organizations that have occurred in the past, such as the duplication of advertising canvassing and the making of expenditures which operate at cross purposes. The advantages of the proposal are obvious. But to effect its operation a graduate manager is necessary, and a graduate manager requires a salary. The Athletic manager was established by the appropriation of the manager's salary by the trustees. The plan is one of great importance to the students, and they are counting on alumni support for its passage by the trustees next fall.—*The Columbia Spectator.*

FRATERNITY RUSHING

One hundred and sixty-one men are announced this morning as pledged to the seventeen local chapters of national undergraduate fraternities. This marks the close of the formal rushing season. No doubt each chapter is reviewing the season, and feeling joyful or sad, as the case may be. This is the personal, the selfish view. Would it not be well for the chapters, the students, and the University as a whole, to review the rushing season, not from the standpoint of pledged, considered, or overlooked, but as an institution? "Rushing." It is well named. The present system of securing men for fraternity chapters is a nerve-racking, break-neck process, its aim being to beat other chapters, usually with little scruple as to means employed, to bull-doze, persuade, hypnotize, and almost coerce freshmen into accepting pledges. It absorbs the time of fraternity men and desirable freshmen almost exclusively for the first three weeks of college. Such a system is radically wrong.

What is a fraternity? What does membership in a fraternity mean? From the word itself, a fraternity is a brotherhood—a group of congenial men, living together for their mutual benefit. The benefit includes maintenance of a congenial home, mutual help and development in studies and personality. Obviously, the process of recruiting new men should have this purpose in view. But how can men be selected on this basis in a rushing season? Snap judgments, based on appearance, scanty bits of information in answer to frantic telegrams, and perhaps a little more material, form the basis of selection, from the fraternity side. Appearance of the men and house, a general idea of national and campus standing, and only too often a vision dazzled by the display of wealth; or coercion—a gruelling inquisition by several older men, in a secluded room in the chapter house with the insistent demand "Pledge yourself!"—form the basis of the freshman's choice. Almost nowhere is there the calm deliberation, the thorough investigation of men and chapter by the

freshman, of man and record by the chapter, that should form the basis of pledging. How rare is the instance where pledging consists of a frank discussion, by man and chapter, of the interests of each, and whether they would be furthered by joining forces! Instead of this—the only fair and logical method—pledging, as said before, more closely resembles the third degree, the sweat-box—or the culmination of a carefully cultivated emotional state that results in an almost insane desire in the freshman to be pledged.

Our present rushing system is a crime against freshmen and fraternities. Many universities have taken radical action to remedy this situation. Such a step should not be necessary here. The chapters should be enough awake to their own interests to see the need of reform, to institute it, and enforce it when adopted. The big difficulty, of course, is being sure that all chapters obey the rules. One or two chapters breaking the rules force the others to do so in self-defence. But this is no insuperable difficulty. With faculty and students coöperating and determined that reform shall come and come to stay, it would be a bold chapter that would break the rules. The practical measures to be taken is another question. But neither is this insuperable. The thing necessary now is the realization that rushing as conducted at present is radically wrong, to determine to do something about it, and then to consider what to do. At present, the Interfraternity council is the key to the situation. It can do effective work; the question is—Will it get busy?—*The Daily Maroon,* University of Chicago.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM

Is it not a mistake to suppose that the function of a college paper is to do away with college grievances? When a great city journal seeks to do away with a public grievance it does not set an example for a college paper in respect to college grievances.

A city editor pursues his course without smiting his corporation. A college editor exposing college grievances, easily falls into an attitude of hostility to the authorities without whose existence and labors there would not be any paper for him to edit. In this attitude he will have his followers, unconsciously and unintentionally perhaps, bringing on disaffection and disloyalty to the institution. The paper readily gives the impression that the only object of its existence is to look after the interests of the students, as if they and the authorities were at variance. To say the least, this is very unfortunate.

What then is to be done with grievances? Is there a grievance? A grievance is more or less tangible or visible, not only to a part of the college community but to all of it. If, however, one has escaped for a time the observation of the authorities, what better and easier way is there of bringing it to their notice than an interview? When a grievance remains it is not because the authorities are too stupid to realize it, or too indifferent to care for it, or too despondent to remove it; but because, knowing well all about it, they are, nevertheless, powerless for some reason to bring on a remedy. In such a case an interview will let in the light. All editors need light—except some. Getting light is better than sticking pins.

Again, grievances are sometimes only imaginary. It is not too much that in a community of scholars and gentlemen all imaginary grievances can be disposed of in a quiet interview between the parties concerned. Then the trouble is over. An imaginary grievance petted and pounded by an ambitious editor is at first a curiosity, and then a nuisance. Having taken it up, the editor is sometimes not only too proud to abandon it, but

also foolish enough to think that the community is greatly interested in the thing itself, whereas it has only a passing interest in the antics of the "what is it" as it appears in public. The chances are that the editor in maintaining the position grows stubborn, loses his temper, and stirs up strife and bad feeling. Pride of opinion dies hard—especially in editors.

Sometimes grievances are recklessly made to order. No editor should convert his paper into a waste-basket. A great editor never does.

Surely there is a happier way of dealing with college grievances than parading them in the college paper if the object is to get rid of them.

Nor is it the function of a college paper to treasure up little spites, flings, and personalities. whether concerning the student or the authorities, as reptiles are corked up in a bottle of alcohol. As the dead fly in the ointment, one such paragraph often gives to the whole paper a smell of something dead. A college paper should be sweet with kindly life.

A college editor whose chief end, or any end, is to berate the authorities, hurt the feeling of his fellow students, and give publicity to private family troubles, is like one who publicly proclaims himself a temporary ass. And what the ass asseverates is known to be true.

Is there then anything for a college editor to do? Yes, a great plenty.

First, the college news is to be collected. When collected it should be carefully sifted. A news editor needs a good sieve. What a student who has the mulligrubs says about a professor is not news. One hardly knows what it is. If Jones hits Smith between the eyes, let a police record, not a college paper, catch it up to adorn its columns. But a diligent editor will always find enough interesting news about the manly contests on the campus, the literary efforts and intellectual conquests in class and hall—and through his exchanges, about the same things as they transpire in other colleges. College news is always interesting to college men.

Then it is good to discuss methods of study and of spending time and money on the part of the boys; methods of teaching;

comparative merits of various kinds of mental training, and of different systems of government; the value of a college education; short cuts to a profession; literary; philosophical; technical; historical; and religious questions without end.

An open, manly, spirited discussion of such topics, when free from miserable personalities and innuendos, is always enjoyed by all concerned, even by those who do not accept the conclusions of the writer.

Then, in an impersonal way, a college editor should take high ground and hold it to the end on college manners and morals. There is always room for reform. Calm, courteous, dignified editorials in this field are timely and effective always. All attempts at sarcasm and abuse are useless, calling attention away from the pith of the matter to the pride the editor seems to take in his skill in making cutting phrases, thus losing time, and wasting ink and paper.

Especially would it be well to give earnest attention to three acknowledged evils, found more or less, presumably, in every college. It should be his high purpose to make lying odious, intemperance disgusting, hazing disreputable—setting forth, in garb most attractive, the beauty of truthfulness, the heroism of temperance and the virtue of treating with kindness the stranger within one's gates.

We should find room also for the good things of the less serious side of college life. Fun and frolic, jokes and pleasantries, are a part of all healthy life from Homer down. We all want to laugh at times. A college paper should not be sober unto death or even unto melancholy. A college is full of laughter-producing substance. Let the best of it be preserved.—*The Lafayette.*

A SUGGESTION FOR THE CURRICULUM

We have courses in everything under the sun at Washington. The student has a choice in a very few things, but he must learn—or to speak correctly—take a great many courses. He has little latitude. The rules are laid down, and if he would finish college with a sheepskin with which to decorate his trunk, he must have certain credits marked on his card.

Why not substitute for some of the courses—we don't need to name them—a course that would be of benefit while in college? This is more than can be said of many courses that are required. Why not a course in university rules? It's a difficult subject. Ask your professor to explain some of them. Ask your instructors to tell you what some of them mean. Try to read them and understand them. You will find that apparently nobody knows just what the rules are or what they mean, and if there is anybody who really does know—he won't tell, or he was buried with the Caesars.

Do you know whether you are going to graduate? Do you know what it means to be on probation? Do you know what to do to become a cum laude student, or cum something or other student at the end of four years? Do you know what the rule is about cutting classes? Or is there a rule? Do you know what the rule is about making up work? Have you ever come face to face with any of these rules? How much history or German are you allowed to take? How many credits are allowed in your major subject? What do you know about it? We admit we are as ignorant as you, but we have tried to find out and not one of the professors we have asked seemed to know. Each instructor admitted he was in doubt about the meaning of certain rules. But he would ask some one else.

If this is the case, why not put the rules in plain, unvarnished American—not English, that's too deep for us—and let the undergraduate in on the secret? The rule books are handed out every year. Would it not be reasonable to ask that a course in in-

struction in university rules be given? No doubt some one could be found who, after a few years of study, could figure them out and tell us mortals what the rules are and what they mean.—*University of Washington Daily.*

WALTER SCOTT RICHARDS

Cayuga, grave of many a liegeman of Cornell, has claimed yet another victim. The yearly toll of death exacted by those treacherous waters, so beautiful and yet so terrible,—has one time more been paid. Again a living being, in the prime of health and young manhood, has been sacrificed on the alter of the most lovely, the most fearful, the most untrustworthy of lakes.

Peculiarly painful and distressing are the facts in the case of this last levy—that of Walter Scott Richards, a junior in the Arts College.

In a day when more and more sensational, more and more widespread, are reports of the indiscretions of college men, it can be said of him with utter truth that he was clean. That is what would strike you first about him,—his absolute freshness, his stainless uncontamination, his innocence as of a child. Artless and pure of heart as it is given to but few of us to be, he presented a picture of splendid, guileless youth that is all too seldom seen. He was the sort of man whom you would twit, kindly, affectionately for that very innocence which inwardly you above all revere and prize.

This boy, who has been taken from our midst so very suddenly, so very tragically, has left a void among us impossible to fill. Boys of his type,—yes, and men too,—are too rare nowadays lightly to be mourned and soon forgotten. They are the kind of folk whose very absence makes them felt the more.

"Dick" has gone where we can't follow,—yet awhile. The soul has flown but its influence remains. The spirit that dominated him in the flesh, a spirit of simple blamelessness, of kindly laughter, a spirit that made itself felt toward all who knew him in a generous, gentle, manly way,—will still persist. He was an honorable boy, a dutiful son, a true friend.—*Cornell Sun.*

THE COLLEGE "BAD MAN"

One of the main objects of your true university is to lop off dead and worthless branches, and to encourage timid sprouts. It should give spirit and initiative to the diffident, and should restrain the impulses of the experienced. It should civilize the blatant type of "rah-rah" individual, just as it should make the petted youth more manly, and should make the "star" of the prep. college realize his own vast importance in the larger scale of life. Neither the apronstring youth nor the untamable rowdy is a desirable person to have in university life, any more than he would be in the larger world upon which he will have some day to enter.

Many one-time curiosities have become extinct; the mammoth, the western melodrama, Toronto's hopes for a New Union Station, the mother-in-law joke, and the hoop-skirt. But, alas! the "bad man" is not yet extinct. He flourishes even as the green bay tree, in precisely the same way as his predecessor did at Padau, Heidelberg or Paris. He is to be recognized by his swaggering air, his painful color-scheme of garb, his ignorance of books and manners, and a consuming desire to be pointed out as "a college man." To be a bubble on the froth of fourth-rate "latest" fashion is his ambition. His countenance wears no general expression. At times it shows a look of bovine surprise which might almost delude one into supposing he had the rudiments of an intelligence. As for college work—that is a contradiction and paradox. To his mind, classrooms are the dispensable features of a university; lectures are a painful and unnecessary evil; and professors are an item of superfluous expense.

Not that your "bad man" disbelieves in education. That requires native sense and energy. He simply neglects studies without debating their value. Intellectually he is a minus quantity.

It is not easy to crusade against this pest. If preached to, he placidly falls asleep; if threatened, he simply marvels at the

unappreciation of mankind. Try your skill at converting (or *trying* to) one of the species. When you see him injuring property—even smashing dining hall doors,—or playing the boor before ladies (to attract their attention and to "show off"), or ridiculing his professor—you might suggest your opinion of the specimen of humanity who seeks to derive honor from a college instead of conferring the honor. Illustrate this lesson by reference to the disgraceful schoolboy conduct of the rowdies who tried to turn the recent Arts Stag Night aftermath into a free fight and door-smashing campaign.

It is high time that the University "bad men" began to realize how they appear in the eyes of the sane world—if they have enough gray matter to look at the question seriously. Let them strive for the genuine "college spirit"—the active and sensible desire to bring victory and honor to one's college. Let the "bad man" discard prairie habits (and some would not even be tolerated there!) and Bowery ideas, and get into the true twentieth century stride of self-improvement and self-advancement.—*The Varsity,* University of Toronto.

LOYALTY

Loyalty of the *Daily* men is not of the grandstand order. When the reporter stays up until 4 o'clock in the morning to see the *Daily* safely off the press, no one applauds. And when shortly afterward he lifts himself out of bed for an 8 o'clock class, there is no blare of bands and frenzied applause from assembled multitudes. Few know and the others take it as a matter of course. In some way this shines as a fine example of college spirit and loyalty. It is anonymous, and often the man who works the hardest never sees his name at the top of the paper. Credit is too often given to those "higher up." Some day, perhaps, the *Daily* will become opulent enough to make some return for such unselfish labor, or with the advent of an utopian state of affairs in the distant future, the University may recognize the college paper as more than a toy, and give graduation credit for worthy efforts in the writing of its columns.—*Minnesota Daily.*

THE NO-TREAT SYSTEM IN DRINKING

The *Princetonian* would like to see drinking in Princeton placed upon a sane basis. To that end the adoption of a no-treat system covering the use of alcholic beverages was urged in this column. Also the substitution of a mild vintage of wine in the place of beer and other liquors at the class banquets. Not that it is any less potent, but because it would be used in smaller quantities, making the class functions gentlemanly dinners and not parties. The latter measure would have eliminated the practice that has hitherto been pursued, of urging all men to show their class spirit by attending the banquets, and then conducting them in a manner that was distasteful to the majority of those assembled.

The no-treat system was recommended for the sake of temperance, not prohibition. It was applicable only to those men who during some part of the year used alcholic beverages, whether in moderation or to excess. The treating system the *Princetonian* considers a great danger in any community where there is a large body of young men, each provided with a pecuniary independence covering all points on a scale of liberality. Treating gives artificial stimulus to drink, leading many a man to take a half dozen or so drinks when he would stop with one if no such practice prevailed. Invariably a man takes one drink and then another, because to treat the companion who has treated him is the thing to do. If there is a group of persons, each person in the group is thus compelled to take a drink on the invitation of every person in the group. In a group of three, three drinks per man, in a group of six, six drinks, etc., until the precedent has become so firmly established that the Lord only knows what will follow. Towards the end of the evening all may be so inflamed with drink as to go on drinking more or less mechanically and voluntarily. It is thus that the fatal seeds of excess are sown, to say nothing of the expense into which men are often drawn by treating when they cannot afford it.

The no-treat system could only be put into effect by the force of public opinion as registered through action of the clubs.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

WISE MEN AND FOOLS

Most undergraduates live on an allowance. They are taught to make a certain amount of money go a certain length of time. It is a necessary lesson and does good when it is properly learned. Some spend more than they are allowed. This fact alone does little harm. It is when they receive more money that the trouble starts. If the providing source was aware of how the money was being spent the allowance might constitute the total receipts until the regular time for another remittance.

A man handles his own money when he comes to college, perhaps for the first time. He has an opportunity of learning the value of money. This knowledge will be a great asset to him in business later on, and he should gain it while he has a chance.

First of all he should keep an accurate account of the money he spends. Just as a manufacturer wants to know the cost of each item in the production, so a student should know where his money is going and what he is getting in exchange. This knowledge shows him where to cut down—how to eliminate waste. There would be less extravagance if the spender could see his foolishness in figures.

The student who has to work his way through is in at least one respect fortunate. He knows where every penny goes. He not only learns how to make money—he learns how to spend it. He must plan in order to live. The spending of money is to him a business proposition. He never invests either his energy or his money unless he is sure of the income.

The big difference between the man who has to plan and the man who spends freely is the difference between a man wide awake and a man with his eyes closed. The one who understands what money is, and how it should be used, will have a long start on the other when they both are out in the world trying to run a business efficiently.

Aside from this, the thoughtless spender never stops to consider that he, in most cases, is spending some one else's money without rendering an account.—*The Pennsylvanian.*

SPLENDIDLY NULL

Plain people, unaided by the supernatural, without overpowering insight, often claim to perceive what they call the "Yale type," over which gushing girls gently rave. Nobody ever describes this precious type; but everybody knows that it wears correct clothing, and has faultless manners and morals. It smiles discreetly, and silently; and sometimes it has tremendous dumb energy. Of this type, there are hundreds, with no more variation than the eggs of a hen. It is perfectly good; but is offensive in being utterly inoffensive. It is never wrongly enthusiastic, because it is never enthusiastic. It never has heretical thoughts, because it never thinks. It acquires and gives forth ideas with all the precision of a parrot. And it has nearly the mental power of the original Yale Bull Dog.

Physically, this "Yale Type" was once rather aggressive, like the Bull Dog. But now it is not agressive at all. It forms the ideals of the community; and then uses all its energy trying painfully to conform to itself. It has no aspirations beyond itself. no mental aspiration whatever. The men most typical of it have often acquired positions where sufficient intellect to purchase or sort tickets is positively required. The simple populace observes that these captains of undergraduate industry, at the top of the type, use their predecessors' brains wherever possible; and the simple populace instantly stops thinking. The "Yale type" then becomes a dumb show. But it is so powerful that it blights or discourages even healthy originality, where a man has his own idea and opinions. The work in the curriculum does not encourage it. The type must stay prosaic and dull; and where sheep-like undergraduates conform to it, they will conform to mental mediocrity, which this type glorifies.

But the greatest trouble with the "Yale type" is not that it encourages "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null" mentality, but that it is perfectly satisfied with itself. It skims its few pages. It struggles for its little positions and its little fame. It worries itself into unhappiness. It absorbs the froth of knowledge and gains practically no mental power whatever.

And every man who conforms to it really thinks that he is getting the best possible education. By his complacency, and his laziness, every such man is dragging on the few of mind and purpose. And many of this pseudo-Yale-type are criticising the institutions of Yale, when they should be prayerfully improving or criticising themselves.—*The Yale News.*

THE GRIND

They call him a grind because he studies most of the day and night. He is not a mixer, and so does not enjoy being with the boys after supper. The girls laugh at him instead of with him, so he does not go with them. In the classroom he thinks of them merely as part of the natural surroundings.

His people have always had a fixed purpose ahead, to which they struggled with every atom of strength. His father has brought up a large family, and has had to work early and late to keep the children clothed and fed. His mother has always had the desire to learn; but as she received little education while young, and has little time to read now, her desires are kept smoldering. But she has, by her enthusiasm, burned into the minds of her children the ambition to become well-educated men.

The grind used to walk several miles to the high school in town every day. After being graduated there, he taught school two years and saved every cent possible. Then he went away to college. While there, he has done his utmost to learn his lessons well. He will never be a great man in the money-making sense, but he will become a deep scholar and thus fulfill the ambitions of his mother—his only sweetheart. His ideal is perfection in learning lessons. When the examination papers come back, and he has made the highest grade, the other students with curling lip call him a grind. But this proof of his ability brings a passing gleam of happiness to the tired features of "the grind."

He has never had an easy time, and he does not know that he could enjoy going to dances and shows. He does not know the joy of letting lessons go until examination time draws near and then "cramming." His only recreation is football, where he sees men struggling to win.

Here's to the grind, unpopular, unlovable, but withal in deadly earnest!—*University Missourian.*

THOU CYNIC!

Men come to college at a time when they are about to enter upon the cynical stage—an experience of life which everyone goes through sooner or later. College does not accomplish much to break down the cynicism they have brought to it; it is more apt, in fact, to intensify their attitude. They become worshipers at the shrine of the god of things as they are, and they are pitiless scorners of the misguided few who dare to be serious.

This of course, does not apply to every college man, but does not fall far short of the mark in a good many cases. In Princeton, to be sure, one is prone to look askance at any attempt to take life seriously before it becomes necessary to look elsewhere than to the paternal pocketbook as a source of subsistence. Sometimes, we cannot understand why anybody else should be in earnest about life when we find so much to amuse us in following other gods. But even the cynic must admit that the other man is entitled to his own point of view and to the right to mould his life for himself. Otherwise, there soon would be a Princeton type—a calamity toward which, already, we have come dangerously close.

Religion always is a subject about which few men are competent to talk; and no one is competent, certainly, to judge the measure of sincerity in the men who choose to follow their religion practically. Yet, in every class, there are always men who fondly believe they add to the gaiety of nations by mocking those of their classmates who visit Murray-Dodge. These are the same men who philosophize on the futility of scholarship, and condemn, with careless freedom, those who so far depart from tradition as to seek a first group. Later on in college life, the scholars attain to a measure of respect which their cynical friends can never reach. Unfortunately, there can be no such concrete proof that the man who has chosen to be interested in religious work has not wasted his time.

The modern concept of education is that it should supply men with the equipment to do their own thinking. It follows, then,

that a man has a right to think for himself, so long as he does not trespass on the rights of others. The man who prefers his studies, or some other serious work, to the Nass and the so-called congenial spirits thereof, is exercising only the prerogative of choice. Neither the scholar nor that personage known by the uncertain term of "good fellow" can justly take to himself the privilege of imposing his own viewpoint on anybody else. If either does so, he automatically proves himself far narrower than the man he criticises.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

SCATTERING ONE'S ENERGIES

There are a good many seniors in the University, who, as they look back over their college course, can call to mind the many things they have tried to do, or have done after a fashion, but none of which they have done thoroughly. Part of these, at least, will have some feelings of regret, perhaps, that they did not confine their fields of action more closely, and do thoroughly a few things, rather than scatter their energies over a multitude of activities. As it is, if a man has been more or less active or prominent in University affairs, by the time he is a senior he is dividing his time among a dozen or more different things, and the result is that he cannot do any of them conscientiously or thoroughly, not even his studies.

If a man is ambitious, opportunities and honors are likely to come his way. If he is ambitious merely, the glory that comes from position will be his final goal. If he is both ambitious and conscientious, he will feel the responsibility that goes with his position. If a man of the latter class can look back over his college course and feel that he has completely shouldered all the responsibilities he has accepted, that what he has done he has done thoroughly or to the best of his ability, he ought to be able to graduate with a feeling of satisfaction. But men of this sort are indeed the exception.

The young and ambitious college man is almost certain to attempt more than he can do. He is willing to shoulder responsibility, but usually he tries to shoulder too much; and amid all the glories of graduation, if he is a conscientious nature, he will feel that he has left behind h[illegible] debt that he never can pay.—*The Daily Illini.*

THE COLLEGE KIDDER

Of the characteristics of the college man of to-day, the one which is perhaps the most distinctly marked is the ability and habit of "kidding," a practice redeemed to a great extent by the training which the college man receives in learning to give back as good as he receives. A man who has spent four years in an American institution of higher education is usually prepared for practical jokes of every known species, and for "kidding," clever, asinine, subtle or painfully obvious. He is about as easily ruffled by a jest, as a hippopotamus is put to flight with an airgun.

The college man is an intellectual silk-worm. About his real self, by a process of years, he has woven a thread of manner, of joke and jest, so long and deep, that it is seldom that his real friends penetrate to the man within. His heart is anywhere but on his sleeve. And few would have it otherwise.

But, growing out of such an attitude towards the men with whom he comes daily in contact, the college man has reached an extreme. So long have his daily conversations and chats at the dinner table or in his study been mere "kidding matches," that in many cases he has lost his power to talk logically, consistently, upon a topic of any nature more serious than the Chicago game or the Varsity's chances against Penn. And, if perchance he has that power, he is afraid to use it, knowing well that the opening of any serious topic means the receipt of a choice and assorted collection of wit.

Picture a group of men in a fraternity or boarding house engaged in talking over a matter of any importance. The conversation is becoming interesting and logical. The men are intellectually on edge. Of a sudden a rustling sound is heard. The house baboon, scenting his opportunity, utters his racial noise and swings nimbly into the conversation. Immediately seriousness is at an end. The rest of the group, from force of habit join in with that species of comment that can only be described as "clever." The subject is forgotten.

Undoubtedly this result from one or two men, college simians

whose capacity for "cleverness" is greater than that of the undergraduates with whom they come in contact, and who cannot allow an opportunity for the exercise of this faculty go by unheeded. They have a melancholy reward. Ever, their most serious remarks are to be taken as a joke, it is impossible to look upon them seriously. The humor of the old circus conversation has its touch of pathos. "Why did Jones become a clown?" asks the tattooed man; "in college he was always the life of the party," answers the bearded woman.

Such a situation which tends towards the discouragement of any serious discussion among undergraduates is no small contributor to that intellectual slovenliness which educators declare to be perhaps the paramount problem in American universities. The average undergraduate reads what? His textbook on occasions, the *Saturday Evening Post* always, and some of the monthly magazines. The remainder of his reading course usually retails at $1.08 per volume.

No one would ask that the dinner meeting of students should resemble an undertakers' convention. But once in a while a serious thought outside of the classroom would not be amiss; a little wit could be well exchanged for a bit of real intellect.—*Cornell Sun.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN

McGill is the most cosmopolitan university in all Canada.

Men and women from all nine provinces have come to her halls. Several nationalities are represented on her registration books. The word "letters from home" connotes more here in one respect than in either Toronto, Queens or Royal Military College.

Each of the three other members of the quartet of large colleges in the Dominion draws especially from one class of the population. Toronto is essentially British. R. M. C. is a soldiers' college. Queen's contains very few non-Protestants.

All creeds and many tongues are represented in our student body. Friendships are formed where elsewhere language would be a difficulty, and religious beliefs a big obstacle.—*The McGill Daily.*

SECRECY AMONG THE "HONORED"

When the cave man stepped out of his cavern and stole a goat from his next door neighbor, he made his family promise not to tell. They kept the secret—otherwise the next door neighbor would have retaliated by bouncing a boulder on his talkative neighbor's Neanderthal.

It seems that the primitive instinct—secrecy—has come down to date. We all have secrets. We all tell them. Mr. A knows the secret that Mr. B told him. The secret came originally from Mr. C, and Mr. C does not know Mr. A knows it. As long as he doesn't find out the secret is still a secret.

In our highly enlightened, democratic, Christian world we tell things we don't want the other fellow to know about. Sometimes it is just as well the secret stays a secret.

Fraternities, most of them, are secret. The matters taken up in the usual chapter meeting are and of right ought to be the property alone of those who are members. It means much to the man within the pale. It would mean nothing to the outsider.

But when a society sets itself up as the junior-senior honor society, its doings are of interest to the student body. Its every move is watched. When it becomes an "honor" society, then its pretenses at secrecy only serve to increase the interest of the students. They like to watch comedy. They like to know the joke. They are enjoying the brand of comedy "au jus" that the Oval club has been doling out.

If the Oval club were a real honor society—if it really lived up to what its founders planned—it would find little use for throwing a shroud of secrecy about its august gatherings. The student board of control last year held one executive session. It thought it was getting away with it—until it read a full account of the meeting the next day in *The Daily*. When any body supposed to have influence on the campus—when any representative organization—tries to shut out the light of publicity, it only arouses the curiosity to a greater degree. Then it is the public wants to know what is going on.

The public can see it in only two ways.

Either the business transacted is of such type that the society is afraid to have it made public—is ashamed of it—or the society deliberately sets itself on a pinnacle and says: "We are IT."

There was once a king of France who said: "I am France." France is now a republic.—*The University of Washington Daily.*

CROWDING OUT THE BOHEMIAN

The day of the Bohemian newspaper man is passing. He is seldom seen in the offices he ornamented so grotesquely. He is being supplanted by a new type—of which the smooth-shaven, well-dressed, college-trained young man is an example. Schools of journalism are aiding the transition.

It was not long ago that the visitor to the average metropolitan newspaper office was shocked by the appearance of the workers. Clipping his way through clouds of tobacco smoke, he saw through the maze odd-looking figures working at desks. They puffed corn cob pipes, wafted expanding circles of smoke about the city room and mutilated copy with stubby blue pencils. They lacked much of being cleanly shaven and were queerly dressed. It seemed as if "artistic characters" described in fiction stories sat before him. It was the day of the Bohemian newspaper man.

This passing type was distinctive, if the odd and peculiar contribute to distinction. He allowed his hair to grow long, and cultivated a stubby beard to make a triangular effect with his extending side-whiskers. He was shuffling in dress and devoid of all neatness. According to custom, tradition and definition, he was a boozefighter and led a slip-shod existence. His ability to write and edit made his connection with the office pay roll tolerated.

But the newspaper owners came to demand well-dressed men of gentlemanly appearance. Schools of journalism, with the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri in the lead, were ready to supply the need. Their graduates, carefully trained in newspaper work, are putting final rout to the Bohemian.—*University Missourian.*

YOU AND I TO BLAME

There has been plenty of condemnation of the three "M" men and football players who went on a hunting trip for four days, deserting their lessons, their game, their coach and their college. There are always those who stand ready to hurl the brickbats of criticism and scorn at others who falter; there are too few, indeed, who are ready to praise, encourage and help.

However, the men concerned are undoubtedly deserving of censure. It is a mark of a growing Montana sentiment that the student body has awakened to the realization that every Montana student owes duties to his alma mater more important that the gratification of personal desires. When within ten days before one of the most important games of the season three men—all wearing the letter of highest athletic honor; one of them the acting captain, the president of the student body and the main reliance in the line; another the heir-apparent to the captaincy, the pivotal man in the back field, and the third a tried football player of long experience who may at any time be needed for first team duty—deliberately leave on a pleasure excursion which keeps them out of practice for three days then the rights and interests of the university and the student body who have honored those men, and who rely on those men, are not only disregarded, but injured.

At such a juncture the student body, as a theoretical proposition, is justified in condemning in the most stringent manner the ill act which has deprived them and their university of having the very best chances for victory.

Other things being equal, in a school with a well established and aggressive and deep-seated spirit, no measures would be too extreme to take against those men. Instances without number may be cited. But, without condoning at all the desertion of the three players, it is to be borne in mind that at Montana, we have not yet achieved the unity of spirit, the sincere love of alma mater which makes the ostracization of such men the natural and the consistent thing to do.

The hunting trip, fellow students, was the result of conditions for which you and I are each of us in part responsible. We are approaching, but we have not yet reached, the point where our alma mater is considered worthy of sacrifice, and it is only through sacrifice that the truest love is gained. Which one of us is willing, to put the matter frankly, to give up a hunting trip, or a fussing party, or a game of cards, or any other diversion for the purpose of helping along our university?

There you are. Your attitude and my attitude is no different and no better than the attitude of the men whom we have so unsparingly censured. When the majority of students at Montana reach that stage of student transcendentalism which obtains in the older institutions where college spirit is not only a boast and a bugaboo, but a real live power which draws for its sustenance on the hearts and minds of every student, then we will be in a position when we can say to those who show a lack of spirit that they are not worthy of their college.

The incident of the hunting trip is over. The town papers have enjoyed plenty of horrification. The students have sufficiently found fault. No useful end can now be served by further harping on the subject. Those who made the trip are no more guilty than the rest of us; they are unfortunate enough to be prominent which makes them public targets, and convenient object lessons for our preachment. We whose services are not so badly needed, but who shirk constantly in our own sneaking little ways have just as great a lesson to learn from this incident as the men themselves.

If the proper spirit of charity is now shown, we will not hold this hunting trip against the three football men, but we will, with them, fervently resolve to let it result in the working out of a better and a stronger Montana spirit which in the days to come will not even permit the thought of a hunting trip to interfere with football practice. We will cheer them to-morrow and expect them to make doubly good against the Mormons to prove their regret for their action and to deserve the forgiveness of every true Montanan.—*The Weekly Kaimin*, University of Montana.

SOME DEFECTS OF THE CURRICULUM

When the New Curriculum was first promulgated we bowed humbly before its might and made obeisance to the superior intelligence which conceive it. We praised the principles of its construction and urged that the undergraduates give it their cordial support. In anticipation of our present position, however, we were led to the assertion that "actual practice may reveal defects which theory has hitherto obscured." For these saving words of grace, we are now profoundly thankful, for surely our fears have been justified.

The conservatives will maintain that any criticism of the curriculum is at this time abortive, since the new order of things must first be thoroughly tried out, and since conclusions can only be safely drawn from its ultimate effects. "We must wait until the present sophomores have gone through one complete cycle under its regulations," cautions an unquestioned authority on the curriculum. This reminds us of a certain Oriental caliph who, when he had condemned a subject to death by slow poison, refused to remit the sentence despite the subsequent discovery of extenuating circumstances. He would not reconsider the sentence until it had been fully carried out, and he could test the subject's deserts by the effect produced. As a concession to the relatives of the deceased, he was chief mourner at the funeral.

Unfortunately, we do not agree with the caliph, and hence desire to champion the cause of 1914 before the post-mortem stage is reached. The senior and junior classes come to us with a sure claim on our sympathy. The promise was made to them in an early address on the curriculum, that wherever the new regulations "worked hardship" to members of these classes, special dispensations would be granted in the interests of justice. This promise has not been fulfilled. Instead, every restriction that could possibly be applied has been brought to bear on the juniors and seniors. Of such injustice, an example is the case of one junior who has been required to take next year four English courses and one language course, and who, as a result, in-

tends to leave college. Yet the poor upperclassmen have not even the consolation usually granted to subjects of scientific experimentation—that the deductions drawn from their sufferings should be of service to future generations. For the same unquestioned authority on the New Curriculum has admitted that 1912 and 1913 are at best but cross-bred mongrels of the old and new systems, from whose abnormal experiences no satisfactory inferences may be drawn.

Enough of reasons for so timing our criticism. Now we must follow the complaints themselves. We object to the new curriculum (1) for the inherent defects in its construction, (2) for the policy on which it is based. Under the first head we assign three chief causes for complaint: (a) the over-use of the prerequisite-to-all-things theory, (b) the iron-clad year-course wherever it is obviously illogical, (c) the resultant victimization of the individual to the system.

All these restrictions operate to curtail individual liberty, to destroy the all-redeeming spark of spontaneity, to make the Curriculum the master, not the servant of the student in his perilous path toward the coveted degree. The New Curriculum is based on the absolute fallibility of the student: that he does not wish to get a thorough education, and if he did, would not know how to go about it, and that his personal tastes must be eradicated as insiduously dangerous to his welfare. We have heard as much admitted by Faculty members, who have had, we confess, much past reason for pessimism concerning the undergraduate members of the college. We have also heard admitted, what is stated in a communication to this issue, that most of the faults of the New Curriculum arose from departmental jealousies and squabbles.

We close here the more technical side of our discussion and reserve for the next issue consideration of the graver faults which seem to us to underlie the New Curriculum,—the high protective tariff built up for English and History, the handicap loaded on the Classics, and the staggering blow dealt to the Philosophy Department.

[In publishing this criticism of the New Curriculum we confess at once to the pure selfishness of our motives. We want a

good education. We came here for a good education. In fact, we cannot too strongly disclaim any intention to avoid getting a good education. Consequently we state conditions as we see them.

The material presented here considers only half of what we have in mind to print concerning the Curriculum. It is the more technical, perhaps less significant aspect of the case. Until we have published our whole argument we shall decline to publish any letter of reply.

Meanwhile we shall welcome communications which consider individual grievances or any personal opinions which our readers may have to offer. The individual cases are of course valuable only in their totality. Let us arrive at this totality and silence for a time the oft-repeated "Yes, Mr.———— it does *seem* to work hardship in your case but in all the others, it is Utopian."] —*Williams Record.*

COMPULSORY CHAPEL

The tightening of the disciplinary strings that are attached to the grave and reverend old institution of daily chapel force a protest from the *Princetonian.* The means for the evangelization of Princeton are like Benjamin Franklin's Presbyterians, 'the more you damn them, the more they grow.' Even now, there are signs of o'er-leaping.

Our present day chapelalian duties are inherited from our militant puritan ancestors, who could not enjoy a day of peace, unless, before breakfast, they had flayed their own wayward bodies, reformed three sinners, and killed a Quaker. To them, religion and discipline were one and the same. Amusements, however innocent, were a revolt against principle. And the crowning glory of the whole sect was the production of the Dimmersdalian philosophy of life.

The disconnection of religion and discipline is a triumph of modern times. Religion to be of value must be voluntary; discipline must always be imposed by authority. By making chapel a disciplinary function, religion is no longer an end in itself, but a means. And as a disciplinary measure daily chapel is superfluous.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

OVERLOADING STUDENT LEADERS

A growing tendency seems to be prevalent in the University to load burdens and responsible offices of the various student organizations on too few shoulders. This tendency is particularly active just now when many offices are changing hands and new administration boards are being constituted. Consequently, those students who have shown powers of leadership and willingness to serve, are the subjects of inordinate office dispensers who insist that the presidency of this organization, or the chairmanship of that committee, or the leadership of this movement, must be given to those few students.

We do not urge that a man of ability should not be used, but we do say that he should not be abused. And we most emphatically maintain that no person in the University has sufficient reason to persuade a strong leader to divide his energies between two or more organizations.

One of the faults in our college democracy is the habit which persists, that a certain few are expected to do all the work, while other capable persons are virtually told to "keep hands off". This habit has rooted deeply, perhaps the more so because there are no restraining rules among the men of the University as there are for the women, to keep them from overloading themselves with offices and college honors. Unless certain persons are able to say "No," they will become so far involved in responsibilities that effective execution of those responsibilities will be impossible.

This whole situation involves at least three bad features. In the first place the man himself is subjected to certain dangers; danger of doing poor college work, and danger of permanent injury to his health. In the second place and this a sort of corollary to the foregoing, the duties resting upon the man are almost sure to be slighted somewhere. A man may be physically and mentally very strong, but he has limitations, and beyond these he cannot go no matter how much he may believe himself

able to do so. The strong man, unfortunately, is naturally the last to recognize these limitations.

But there is yet another bad feature involved in heaping all the offices upon too few shoulders: it deprives possible leaders of training. Many a man possessing latent powers of leadership has gone through college and never used these powers, simply because he has never been called upon to use them. This is really serious. If there is one place in the world above all others where powers of leadership and initiative should be developed and nurtured that place is in our American colleges. Real democracy, which is unquestionably the ideal our colleges must approach, demands that power be distributed and that the capabilities and genius of every man be afforded opportunity for exercise.

We believe that more thought needs to be taken by those who have responsible offices to place. No organization is dependent upon one man, and most assuredly no one man is responsible for the leadership of all organizations. There are many offices to fill, and there are many persons in a student body like ours to fill them capably, even though those persons may not be in the limelight of public recognition.—*The Daily Orange,* Syracuse University.

ACQUAINTANCE THROUGH COMPETITION

Many a friendship is made in college through the competitions of college activities. One of the best things which contestants carry away from the gridiron, the debate platform, or the dramatic stage, is the friendship and associations of their competitors. The experiences which will last the longest are those which center around occasions when student opposes student in the fight for places on the various teams. The opportunities thus arising may be cited as among the greatest reasons for the existence of so-called college activities. And further, the fact that such opportunities reside in these activities makes the appeal to enter them all the more strong and warranted.—*The Daily Orange,* Syracuse University.

FOOTBALL

There are no excuses; there can be no excuses. Michigan outplayed Cornell. She outplayed her conclusively, had her on the defensive almost the entire game, and won on merit.

The Cornell team did not "lay down" Saturday and it excelled its opponents in kicking and running back kicks. Those are the two things for which we can compliment it. For the rest, it gave a high class exhibition of "bone-headed" football. Lower your head and buck into the nearest man to you and on no account use your head to think with at the same time, seemed to be its motto.

What the Cornell team needs most of all just at present is a little football sense or instinct. Fight is useless without direction. It is inspiring to see eleven men close their eyes, put their heads down, and smash in and throw ten Michigan men back bodily—but it's what Sherman said war is to see the eleventh man on the Michigan team calmly back out of the melee and prance around the end and across the goal line unhindered. Next it needs common sense. Lastly, it needs confidence, confidence of each member in himself and in every other member of the team.

At present this situation confronts us: we have a team which has been beaten badly by Carlisle, Pittsburgh, Harvard and Michigan; which tied Colgate, just nosed out Bucknell and has won two out of eight games played so far—those with Ursinus and Oberlin. It has made a disgraceful record. What are we going to do about it? From the standpoint of *The Sun,* the course to take that would mirror the feeling most prevalent at this moment on the Hill, would be one in which the game Saturday would be dissected, blunder by blunder; the football team would be told individually and collectively that it was rotten, that it had no spirit and no brains, worthy to represent the University. We could put it strong enough so the whole football squad would see red and want to come down and clean out this office. We might put it strong enough to put a fighting mad spirit into the practices; this might develop into unity and cohesion and sense; and it might last over

into the Layfayette and Penn games. It is always easy to yell "punk" and then do nothing yourself.

But we prefer to put it on a higher basis. We prefer to tell the team that first, foremost and all the time we are back of it. We cannot tell it that we are proud of it. We are not. Cornell football history had done more to discredit Cornell in the popular mind than any other one thing. We cannot be proud of Cornell's football record and we cannot be proud of a team that has won two out of eight games. But we can say that we realize that it is our team and that if support of any kind will help it we stand ready to give it.

This we can place squarely before the squad. At present it is allowing Cornell to be the laughing stock of the football world. If it has an ounce more of fight, in it, if it can possibly pay any better attention to the coaches, if it can train the least trifle more carefully, if it can be bettered in anything, it owes it to the University to do it. It owes it to itself and its coaches, too, but primarily it owes it to the University. It must do its best.

It must be admitted that the support given the team was rank. There was more encouragement and helpfulness in that little band of Michigan rooters than there was in the whole extent of Percy Field.

Let us say here and now to the supposedly loyal Cornellians who knowingly took girls into the cheering section that they have our profoundest contempt. Their action was disloyal and selfish in the extreme. What was needed was a solid cheering section—of solid cheers, too—and we certainly did not get it Saturday. Our support of the team Saturday was nil minus.

What is happening up in New Haven right now? Has the Yale undergraduate body been knocking the team promiscuously? On the contrary, it is supporting it better than ever before. When an alumnus writes in to the Yale publications does he condemn the team? No. He condemns the entire undergraduate body and asks where its Yale spirit has gone. What brought Michigan out of the slough in which she was floundering until two weeks ago? The return of one man to the game and two or three smashing mass meetings.

Cornell must get that "football atmosphere."—*Cornell Sun.*

ON THE UNPRODUCTIVENESS OF CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS

Editorials as a rule are not interesting. But if they bore you, think how awful it must be for the man who has to write them every day, day after day, world without end.

It is easy enough to fill this column. It is as easy as it is to fill a money bag—with moth balls. But the poor man who comes along picks it up and, instead of finding something worth while, finds only the stale, musty smell of last year's hand downs. The function of an editorial is not to fill a column but to praise, blame and suggest. As it is much more difficult to praise and to suggest than it is to blame, an editor is therefore one of those men who spend most of their time looking for trouble. And he usually finds it. But there is nearly always something on which to write an editorial. If there is not anything, then there is nothing, and that is what we have chosen to write on to-day—nothing.

It is appalling to look at the number of men in the University who do nothing. Men who have ability, but who spend their days killing time, doing—nothing. Men whose names appear in the *Bric-a-Brac* but three times—in the directory, in the class roll and under the heading "Cliosophic Society" or "American Whig Society." The reason that their names appear three times is not that they realize the value of the Halls but that someone told them to join. Men who seem to have no ideas of their own, who produce—nothing. Men who take things ready-made, who, on graduation, step into ready-made positions and become "successful" business men. But men who give the world—nothing.

Look at them in any lecture hour. They are either asleep or hunting through the morning's *Prince* for typographical errors. Look at them in their room, studying, maybe, but learning—nothing. Talking, perhaps but saying—nothing. Day after day they shuffle through their bromidic existence, they travel the easy road of unproductiveness which leads from Nowhere to Nothing.

There is enough here so that everybody can do something.

But you can pick fifty men in each class who do practically everything for their class, and there is an equal number who do absolutely—nothing. What is their value? Nothing. Yet, after all, they have their place in the system of things,—they are the nth term in a rapidly converging series.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

THE MEDIOCRE MAN

Every year some newspaper man goes through the pawn shops of New York or Boston, and on the strength of discovering a Phi Beta Kappa key or two in pawn, writes an article to show that leaders in the scholastic world are generally failures in life. Probably no fallacy has more credence and less truth than this. Many undergraduates accept it as a fact because it consoles them in the belief that their mediocrity in college will, in some miraculous way, be converted into excellence in their professions.

Experience and statistics furnish abundant proof that such men are following a will o' the wisp. A glance through "Who's Who in America" will show that among the many college men listed there, for having done something worth while, extremely few have had plain pass records in college. Most of them have taken their degrees with distinction; many of them are members of the Phi Beta Kappa. It is the rare exception when a failure or near failure in college becomes a success in after life. Some men realize this, but, unfortunately, delude themselves into thinking that they will be the exceptions, when the chances are several hundred to one that their records after college will be like their records in college, flat, undistinguished C's. While Phi Beta Kappa keys and cum laude degrees and honorary scholarships are no sure passports to prosperity, they are, without question, fairly accurate promises of future success. Scores of cases could be adduced to prove it in the history of Harvard graduates alone. Bearing this in mind, the mediocre man should strive to better his status while yet there is time by acquiring habits of regular and concentrated study without which success, in college or out of it, cannot be attained.—*The Harvard Crimson.*

A SHADOW OF ST-V-R

The typical "college hero," once a vapid athletic wax model, skilled in the use of slang and brawn, has, as we know, within the last four years developed symptoms of morbidity. His mind, like his body at the sound of an alarm clock, has gone through the first agony of awakening, to be at once grasped and tormented by a passion for reforming. The awakening, to be sure, gives a faint ray of hope, like a child's first teeth, in promising something better—after this stormy passion has passed. Our own great Dink, surely graduated from New Haven by this time, we like to think, has either achieved discretion, or death. But though the founder of the race has departed, the *genus* Dink has not become extinct: the descendents of our hero promise to be as numerous as those of Aeneas. The honor of harboring the latest falls to Princeton, where Deering, formerly of Deal, N. J., is holding forth in decorated cloth for a dollar-twenty-five net.

This young gentleman has every trait that would rejoice his New Haven ancestor. He can move a book advertiser to an artificial ecstasy. He can move Princeton. Of course, he rushes directly from the frontispiece into a hazing match, "of far-reaching importance," and then into a few football games. He stands aside for a moment, with the deferential air of a true hero, while his roommate wins "a pretty girl, around whom," according to the advertiser, "there centres a touch of sentiment." But he does not achieve the glory characteristic of his race, until "at the sacrifice of much that he values," he has reformed the eating club system, "the fraternity régime of Princeton."

With this dashing fellow whispering in every Freshman's ear, Princeton at once becomes perilously infested. The true and delightful humor of a second Stover snooping around strange places can be appreciated in its completeness only by people living in New Haven—whence the dejected Dink departed late last spring. Now it is Princeton's turn. It will be amusing to see how many different kinds of reforms can be instituted there by troubled undergraduates. And it will also be interesting to see how soon

the descendants of their imposing ancestor have reformed Harvard, Williams, Cornell, Brown, Rutgers, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and a few other American colleges.—*Yale News.*

A FORMULA FOR FAME

Orators, baseball players, and all other performers in public, worship the spectacular, because it makes the audience shout. However brief, the shout gives an enormous thrill: it proves at least a momentary notoriety, for which men are ambitious. Here, the undergraduate apes the orator, or ball player; and desires fame, instantaneous, temporary. With the foresight of a healthy rooster, the dogged energy of ambition, and all the solemn grimness of an early martyr, he gropes for his fame. And, often stifling his own inclinations in choosing his work, he snatches blindly and wildly for whatever he thinks makes him famous in the eyes of the community.

If the community countenances managerships, he covets managerships; and forgoes everything else. If it sanctions sociability, he becomes sociable; or business, he begins to solicit; or a string of titles, he begins to gather them. Like the warrior, he goes after scalps, often very bald. In so aspiring he may have no ulterior and sinister motive whatever: the activities alone are often spectacular enough. But they are carried to an extreme that has become proverbially absurd. Sleepless nights, sunken eyes, sallow cheeks symbolize a very inane effort made by many a young chicken who pushes his head out of his shell, and peeps for recognition. And the recognition acquired becomes infamous.

Aspiration of this sort, we think, will survive while tolerated by the sensible and imaginative undergraduate. People think the trouble comes from excessive ambition. The real trouble is excessive lack of ambition. An undergraduate, with infernal indifference, is willing or eager to sacrifice his happiness, his enthusiasm, friendships, the acquisition of a mind, a part of his future potency,—for the vain and little pursuit of glory or notoriety. Here we have comedy and tragedy. When a man has ambitions enough not to follow the mad mob like a blind sheep, but to satisfy his own conscience in doing his work, he has achieved the true formula for fame.—*The Yale News.*

UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARS

Just as Woodrow Wilson remarked some years ago while addressing an audience of educators, in college the side shows have crowded out the main circus, and the varied undergraduate activities, to be sure both "active and interesting," are attracting the main body of students. The number of men who come to college with the intention of pursuing scholarship as their chief interest from the start of their academic career is lamentably small, for young men realize that the activities of the scholar are not attended with band playing or cheering. Almost unnoticed and unknown the man who devotes himself primarily to the cause of scholarship labors incessantly for four years and finally receives graduation honors. To him this official stamp of success is his reward. Yet in spite of the fact that the undergraduate scholar of his own accord chooses this career which he knows receives small recognition from his fellows, when he may be quite able to win high distinction in the so-called "outside interests and activities," he is dubbed a narrow-minded, self-seeking "grind," who seeks to take all from and give nothing to his University.

This is the greatest of undergraduate delusions. In the first place, Harvard University exists now and for all time to disseminate learning and to increase the fund of scholarship. Hence all efforts to raise the standards of scholarship to this University are worthy of the highest praise, for they perpetuate Harvard as an institution of learning and maintain her in her leadership of American universities. So the devotion of any undergraduate to the cause of scholarship does not in itself signify that he is a narrow-minded, parasitic, and incapable being. Furthermore it is claimed that the undergraduate scholars work solely for grades and that they are not truly interested in scholarly endeavor. Such a contention is not true. Of course, marks stand as an index of proficiency in scholarship, and naturally if a man is striving to attain a high standard he will ipse facto receive high grades. But the high grades are not the sole aim and object of his work.

When a candidate for a paper or an athletic team reports, he is not prompted by any feeling of altruism, but is out to do his best to gain a position on an editorial board or to win the insignia of a team. The editorial position or the letter represent his proficiency in the line of work he pursues. Similarly the undergraduate scholar is ambitious to distinguish himself in scholarship and is eager to win the mark of proficiency in his field just as is the athlete. The facts of the matter are that both are striving for excellence in their respective fields, and for excellence as measured by the standards set in those fields.

Why the athlete receives all the cheering and praise and the undergraduate scholar none, is a moot question. Yet one answer may be suggested. A group of sturdy college athletes can play a game of football as well as it ever can be played. On the other hand it is highly ridiculous to compare for an instant the theses or examinations of undergraduate scholars with the productions of famous scholars and professors. The crux of the question is this: the college man is just about in his prime physically and can perform athletic feats as well as they can be done; the undergraduate scholar, on the contrary, is just beginning to ripen intellectually and does not attain his full mental development until many years after graduation. Hence undergraduates and the public are not interested in puerile performances, which represent only training for higher things, whereas they are intensely interested in athletic performances that cannot be bettered.

But here again the old question of the primary purpose of a university arises. An institution of learning exists to train minds for future usefulness, and all efforts conducive to the most complete fulfillment of this purpose promote more than anything else the welfare of the university. Hence the highest praise is due to undergraduate scholars who are willing to forego the praise and emulation of their fellow students and often suffer under terms of opprobrium in order to further the real purpose of their college and to prepare themselves to extend its influence in the future. So to the men who after two and three years of great exertion and hard, earnest work, have distin-

guished themselves as the leading scholars of Harvard College, we extend our heartiest congratulations upon their election to the Phi Beta Kappa.—*Harvard Crimson.*

THE INSTRUCTOR WHO FAILED

An instructor's profession is teaching. His duty is to help men to learn, to inspire them with interest for his subject, and to aid them to work and pass his course. Undoubtedly he should not smooth away every rough place in his pupil's path, for the overcoming of difficulties and the solving of perplexing problems are part of the game of study as well as of the game of life. Yet the teacher is placed in the classroom as an aid, not as an obstacle.

Young instructors frequently assume an antagonistic attitude towards their men. They try to find how much a man does not know, rather than to help him to know more. Fearful of being reputed "easy marks," they take the ground that each man is trying to pass their course with as little work as possible and that it is their duty to prevent him. Their attitude antagonizes and repels the interest of most of their students. The work of their class is no more satisfactory than would be the work of a team which disliked its coach.

We quote from the *Alumni Review of* December 1909, the following anecdote concerning James H. Canfield '68, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska. Toward the close of the college year a young tutor of mathematics who was completing his first year of service came into the Chancellor's office and asked whether he was to be reappointed for another year. The Chancellor said, "Well, what do you yourself think of your work? What have you done that you are proud of?" The young tutor answered, "Mr. Chancellor, I have just held such a stiff examination in my course that I have flunked sixty members of the freshman class." The chancellor looked at him kindly and said. "Young man, suppose I gave you a herd of one hundred cattle to drive to Kansas City, or Omaha, and you came in to tell me that you had driven them so fast, and so hard, and had made such good time, that 60 per cent of them died on the way. Do you think that I should want you to drive any more cattle to the Missouri River?" "No sir," said the tutor. "Well, I do not think we will let you drive any more freshmen."—*The Williams Record.*

PROFESSOR RICHARDSON

The news of the death of Professor Charles Francis Richardson stunned the comprehension of the College, which still felt the living influence of his great heart and noble mind. The sense of loss is here, but the realization of all that his loyalty and devotion means to Dartmouth is not yet complete. Words which man can inscribe are but pitiful tributes to such a man, yet meagre words can perhaps point out in Professor Richardson the ideal which the best in Dartmouth produces, the type which the College will ever strive for, and the goal which her men should seek.

Professor Richardson was a broad scholar, a noble gentleman, and above all, a whole-hearted man. In the classroom, he taught not by force, but by inspiration. His enthusiasm for the best of English literature found reflection in many of the alumni, who received perhaps their first appreciation, and their first love for the great in prose and poetry from the living words of Professor Richardson. He breathed the divine fire of inspiration into the minds of the men who sat under him, and instilled a love of letters in all who heard him.

In his life here, Professor Richardson taught, both by example and by precept, the lessons of literature in the classroom, and the lessons of life outside. Not for him did the closing classroom door shut off the student from the teacher, but with the treasures of his wit and learning, he would at once advise, guide, and instruct the men whom his magnetic personality drew to himself.

A life of work blessed with accomplishment was the lot of Doctor Richardson. In his early years at Dartmouth, he alone bore the burden of all instruction in English, and his last years of leisure were the reward of long labor,

> ".....the twilight of such a day
> As after sunset fadeth in the west."

Calm reflection and placid self control were characteristics of the man, and these qualities, together with an universal interest in the problems of the life about him, and an inquiring

mind, which desired knowledge in order to enrich that storehouse of wisdom from which he might draw to give pleasure or counsel to all about him, made him at once the object of admiration, and of love.

In such a man we find embodied an ideal that Dartmouth may worthily strive for: the excellence of the scholar, the teacher, the courteous gentleman, and the great-hearted friend. His loyalty to the College, and his love for it has been unfailing, and his name deserves to be recollected as an example to all men, who now in the hurly-burly of life sometimes think that there is no time or use for the cultural studies. Professor Richardson's fame rests assured on the basis of his work as an author and scholar, on the love which the Dartmouth alumni bear him, and on the fact that he was one of the few who have left inspiration in the train of their teaching. His fame shall survive, in the words of Dartmouth men, and in the lines of one of his beloved Shakespearian sonnets:

"You still shall live....
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men."

—*The Dartmouth.*

LOOKING FORWARD

There is a freshman student in the College of Agriculture who has formed the habit of looking into the future at the same time he is reaping the benefits of the present.

For four years this young man worked in the mines near his home town in southwest Missouri till far into the night while pursuing his studies in high school during the day. Miners there receive good wages, and he was able to accumulate a savings account. Meanwhile he finished his high school course. Then he purchased a piece of income bearing property by means of which he expects to go through the University. Then he figures he'll be able to go out in the world and do things worth while.

This young man began looking ahead away back in his high school days. And there are many students almost through the University who haven't begun to figure on the future yet.—*University Missourian.*

THE MORRIS CHAIR HABIT

Older than the alchemists' search for mystically-made gold, or the explorers' search for the fountain of eternal youth, is the everlasting search for happiness. For its possession have been given countless receipts by the philosophers of all ages, even the undergraduate reflects the search, as he reflects all the world without, by cynical mottoes hung upon his study wall. It is found in a myriad ways, most often, perhaps, in health and hard work.

A great college community, being always a replica in miniature of the world outside, presents every type of man, every degree of drone and worker. The art of work may reach a high development in the college community, but the art of loafing may be discovered in its zenith. Nowhere, we fancy, outside of a certain portion of undergraduates, can such highly organized, systematically perfected loafing be discovered. The indictment is not one which can be brought against undergraduates as a whole. The average student works hard, that is, as hard as he knows how to work; another class as described by President Garfield, "loafs discriminatingly," but the class for which college has no place, the class whose influence is entirely bad, is the class which works neither on books or college activities, neither on the Hill, nor Down Town, the men, who are afflicted with the Morris Chair Habit.

The college history of some men is the history of a chair. The Man comes as a freshman, he finds his home restraints gone and none to take their place. His college course he can make, within certain bounds, as difficult or as easy as he pleases. And over there in the corner of his study or in the living room of his fraternity house, he discovers the Chair. Save to eat and sleep, and to perform some absolutely necessary University duties, the Man does not leave the Chair. His hardest work is his constant planning to evade work. The statement of an Ithaca tutor on the question is decidedly to the point—"If some men worked as hard on their University work as they do in making plans to avoid it, they would graduate in three years."

For the man who works hard when he works, and plays hard when he plays, there is a waiting space in "Who's Who." For the man who does his University work fairly well and maintains a position of respect in undergraduate activities there is probably happiness and some degree of success ahead. For the Man who is glued to the Chair in the corner, who neither works hard nor "loafs discriminatingly," there is neither hope nor happiness; he is neither fish nor fowl.

It is better perhaps to be a good "second story man" than a worthless clerk. It is better far that the height of ambition should be to annex your name to the "Roll of Honor" in the Tioga Bowling Alleys, than to do utterly nothing. Only that man in college on whom the Morris Chair Habit has achieved a lasting hold is beyond hope.—*Cornell Sun.*

OUR IGNORANCE

Of the thousands of graduates from the American institutions of learning every year, how few of them are well versed in good literature.

With all the modern conveniences of our colleges, few men in comparison with the total number of students are really acquainted with the masterpieces of literature.

Through literature we can become acquainted with the greatest thinkers and the greatest writers of every age. We all agree as to the broadening influence through the diversity of subjects considered, the stimulus and assurance which grows upon us as we read such works, and the moral lessons to be learned through the realms of classic literature.

A college man should be able to converse on any author, his characteristics of style and his works.

We do not want to read only, but think of what we read. Get into the spirit of the author. Learn to know, to analyze, to develop his thoughts.

During the winter months when college students have the most time for such work, let us make use of the excellent libraries at our command here and there, and let us, when we come to our graduation, have read, studied, and thought about the works of the best writers in poetry and prose.—*The Lafayette.*

TO READ OR NOT TO READ

In connection with the recent warnings of our professors on the dangers of reading too much, even in prescribed subjects, it is interesting to note that former Premier Balfour, of England, strongly advocates the new doctrine of judicious selection, rather than a surfeit of assorted facts. Mr. Balfour says that "the best method of guarding against the danger of reading what is useless, is to read only what is interesting."

This statement is too sweeping to be made of universal application, yet there is more than a grain of truth in it. This truth may seem a paradox to a whole class of readers, fit objects for commiseration, who may be frequently recognized by their habit of asking some adviser for "a list of books," and then marking out a scheme of study in which all the recommended volumes are to be conscientiously perused from cover to cover.

These unfortunate persons apparently read a book, principally with the object of getting to the end of it. They read the word "Finis" with the same sensation of triumph that an Indian feels who strings a fresh scalp to his belt. They feel a smug self-satisfaction at having added another trophy to their list which they can volubly discuss. They are not happy unless they mark each step in the weary path of self-improvement by some precise, exact and definite preformance.

To begin a volume and not to finish it would be to deprive themselves of this satisfaction; it would be to lose all the reward of their earlier self-denial by a lapse of virtue at the end. To skip, according to their literary code, is a species of cheating,—nay even, in some cases, this is a crime of the deepest type. It seems to them a mode of obtaining credit for erudition on false pretences: a plan by which the advantages of learning are surreptitiously obtained by those who have not won them by honest toil. But all this is radically wrong. In literary matters the number or quantity of volumes devoured have no particular efficacy or saving grace.

He has only half-learned the art of reading who has not added

to it the even more refined accomplishments of judiciously skimming and skipping; and the most important step has not been taken in the direction of making literature a pleasure, until interest in the subject,—and not a desire to spare the author's feelings, as it were, or to accomplish an appointed task,—is the honest and prevailing motive of the reader.—*The Varsity,* University of Toronto.

WHERE IT IS QUIET

Perhaps among us, when we have graduated, after topics of the gridiron, the Lit., the drowsy lecture periods, the dinners, and the dances have been talked of, someone will be minded of the pleasures of the library.

Out of the activities of present time and place, we are drawn into the life of books, in this huge study place. In warmth, peace and comfort of body, we yet catch a little of the thrill of the "drums and hoofbeats of conquest" which turned others' calm into turmoil.

Books seem to prove that the dead are merely sleeping. Peep between two covers, and the sleeping quickened into wakefulness. And old politics, old philosophies, and the science of an earlier century, are vibrant before us once more.

The brightness of day in the afternoon sifts not too glaringly through the high windows. The distant grumble which in the evening emphasizes the subsistence of bustle through a big city is lost in the murmured conversation, after all not often too loud to excite hostility, within the volume lined walls. The clock, chiming the quarter hours; new neighbors moving here and there, changing; the siren of a boat in the harbor, or the winding of an auto's horn, are momentary noises.

Many of us will look back at former evenings in the library with a kind of longing. The recollection will beckon us with dim friendliness, to visit again our Alma Mater.

So the visitor to the library is inclined to nod respectfully at the man whose bust ornaments a niche in the line of shelves. He did well with his money.—*The McGill Daily.*

RUGBY

At the beginning of the fifth intercollegiate rugby season, four full years after the foreign game was adopted by the two great western universities, the foresight of the two presidents who suggested the game becomes apparent. We have commenced practice for a match in November that will attract a larger and more enthusiastic crowd than did ever the old style football on this coast, while in the East, how different is the situation! Radical changes in the rules year by year have caused the public to lose interest to a great extent, each season is merely an "experiment," and the advocates of American football are as far from constructing an ideal game as they were five years ago.

This year marks also the swinging into line of three of the strongest high schools in the Bay region—Oakland, Berkeley and Lowell High, of San Francisco. Los Angeles High School adopted rugby a year ago, as did also the secondary colleges of the South, and there remain but three schools of any consequence that have taken up the game. They will be brought to it in another year, it is expected, and then California can lay claim to being the first in solving the problem of finding a successful substitute for the old game.

It is not to be imagined that the eastern universities will take up rugby, at least for several years, but the strong sentiment that prevails throughout the middle west and the eastern states is in favor of a more suitable game than even the revised football. Many high schools have dropped the game, and right there the matter would stand, if it were not for another factor which the east is just beginning to recognize.

That factor is the returned Rhodes scholarship student, back in America to teach or go into business, presumably in his home state. By this time there are scores of them, located in every state, and the number is being added to each year. They have learned rugby first hand from the English and now they are teaching it in the high schools and small colleges of the middle west. There are teams in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa,

playing rugby in the high schools in place of the American game, and, owing to the action of many school boards in prohibiting the old style play, the new game is being learned—and learning means the eradication of the foolish prejudice against it.

Just how far the Rhodes men are going to influence the football situation in America cannot be foretold, but their influence cannot be overlooked. At any rate, Stanford and California, leading the Pacific Coast, are assuredly in a better position than are the big colleges of the east in this period of uncertainty.—*The Daily Californian.*

TOO BUSY

There has recently been placed on the circulation desk of the library a placard that bears the words: "Make it a practice to read a good book each week. You will find it a profitable investment."

The other morning as we were passing by the desk we overheard the following remark:

"That's all right, but I haven't the time."

How typical that remark! How oft repeated in college years, and how habitual it may become in after life.

Everyone realizes the pleasures and benefits that are derived from the reading of a good book. But, so few have the time. That is, so few have the time now. When summer vacation comes, or graduation, or life work, or marriage, or something, of the sort, then we shall all read, and oh, how much and profitably we shall read. But till that never-to-reach-us time, we are too busy, too variously and strenuously occupied for anything of the sort.

This is where the irony creeps in—to delude ourselves with the fancy that some day when we are not so busy, we shall do all these things, and yet by our previous experience, to be almost sure that that day will never come.

The situation resolves itself into this. If we ever intend to associate with the great minds and imaginations, with the great lives and great souls of all the ages, our time is now.

It can be done. The busiest are those who have done it.—*The Student,* North Dakota.

THE NEW SPHERE FOR COLLEGE MEN

The world looks to its college-bred men for that aggressive energy, needed in the solution of its gravest problems. The advantages which they have enjoyed should be turned to some use in the adjustment of these problems. Where man's duty lies is a personal matter to be settled by his own conscience and that alone. Whether he chooses the law, medicine, ministry, or business for his profession, his choice is a matter of personal concern. But man lives not simply for himself, and there are fields of labor which, though not enticing, need the intelligent effort of the college man. No field feels the need more than the submerged tenth, and in this class the sociologist turns from those who have been steeped in vice and crime to the juveniles who are daily following in the tendencies of their unfortunate enviroment, thus increasing the criminal and degenerate element in our general population. This problem is most important because of its bearing upon the welfare of society at large. The river maintains its purity in proportion to the nature of its feeding streams. The tone of our national character is elevated or lowered not by the one class of the other, but is modified by the character of each.

These truths have lead to many methods of dealing with juvenile crime. The prison fails to punish or deter; the reformatory does not reform. To what system shall we have recourse? Self government seems to be the key for the solution of the problem. With the motto "nothing without labor" the young unfortunate is transferred from the gutter, which is sometimes purer than his home, to the freedom of the country farm, where, under the guidance of helpers, he learns, with his companions from the submerged strata, how to meet the problems of life in a fair and honorable manner. To the observer the system may seem an interesting experiment, but to the child it is a serious matter, and in his court, church, and school, as well as in his wage earning and spending, he meets problems with a manly and intelligent adjustment. In those boys whom the world may count "good

for nothing" the college man with his broad sympathy sees a hopeful future, when transferred to an atmosphere of possibility. The future of the submerged tenth has in it, the transformation of its juvenile element, and in this work no college man need be ashamed to lend his hand, heart, and mind.—*The Lafayette.*

WELCOME, SCHOLASTICS!

The students of the University of Montana do not welcome you to their University. They welcome you to your University —the University of the People of Montana.

This institution is the property of no one man or set of men. It is ours. It is yours.

The affairs of the University have often been manipulated and machinated by a few men. These men were not working for the people of the state. They were working for the people of a section of a state. They have served sordid interests by retarding the natural development of the people's best educational servant.

The University is small, yet it is destined to become great. Montana will be one of the greatest states in the Union a century hence. Then will her University be the greatest. It may not become the largest, but it will be the greatest.

The University has attracted you here. The University has attracted us here. We are the pride of the state. We are the men and women who will some day make this state the greatest one. As graduates, our names and reputations will add glory to the University of Montana.

Your University greets you to-day. Your stay here may be short this time. She hopes you will return some day to aid in her development.

Her students greet you as fellow Montanans. They love this University. They love all that is hers. They work for her. They fight for her.

You, too, must love her. You must work for her; you must fight for her. She is yours; you are hers.—*The Weekly Kaimin,* University of Montana.

THE DRINK QUESTION

The vain attempt of that intangible offspring of the undergraduate mind called Public Opinion to arrive at any definite conclusion on the general subject of drinking in Princeton, reminds us of an idea suggested by Edgar Allen Poe in one of his literary criticisms, to the effect, that, in one case out of a hundred, a point is excessively discussed because it is obscure; that in the ninety-nine remaining it is obscure because excessively discussed. In this instance Public Opinion does not stand solus but is inextricably enveloped among the ninety-nine.

The existence of a broad and enlightened Public Opinion—the phrase a bromide, and the ingredients usually but platitudes—upon any topic is a rarity. When supposedly formulated by a body of men of different tastes, ideals, religions and standards of life upon the subject of drinking, it is a nullity. Selfishness hidden behind an inert theory of laissez-faire on the one hand, prejudice and the lack of a broad sympathy on the other, and a distortion of facts on all, can only create an intellectual chaos. To call the various opinions intelligent would be flattery, as the undergraduates who take a really thoughtful attitude toward any serious problems of life are members of a minority that Bernard Shaw would no doubt term a monstrosity.

No one, inveterate drunkards least of all, would have the hardihood to declare that drinking was under any circumstances an advantageous practice. Granting this hypothesis, it certainly follows that the use of alchoholic stimulants is not a desirable habit to form. Some dull exponents of high ideals unwittingly seek the solution in prohibition. They forget that prohibition is about on a par with pretzels as a producer of thirst. Others more enlightened urge education as the true panacea. Their program is to teach young men that alcohol impairs their muscular efficiency, destroys their chances for success, and retards their development. The method is sound and in innumerable cases effective. But unhappily the intoxication of youth is wont very

often to rush over the bounds set by the dictates of pure reason. Indiscretion and youth are practical synonyms.

Jack London, who cannot even be accused of temperance, in his John Barleycorn, advances as the reason for excessive drinking the fact that liquor is so easy to get. The bars are open, a man's friends are drinking—why not? It is a reasonable assumption. The true way to curtail drinking would be to make liquor hard to get without total prohibition. No such medium could be put into force in a large city. Yet it is possible in a college community like Princeton, where the majority of men are minors. It is thus that the *Princetonian* interprets Dean McClenahan's policy.

The college authorities forbid no one to drink. They recognize the utter fallacy of such a method of procedure. Instead a strict enforcement of the New Jersey law in regard to selling liquor to minors is insisted upon. As a result the minors who drink in Princeton are about as rare as the proverbial amphibious animal who cannot live on land and dies in the water. But what of the men who leave Princeton to drink?' is the natural counter-argument. In the first place the parental and scholastic surveillance under which the verdant age of most young men is spent has been sufficiently strict to have kept the majority from drinking prior to entering college. These are the men who never intended to drink, but were led into it somehow or other, usually through the easy route. They will have no temptation to leave Princeton. The second class are the men who had already tasted the excitement of a "party" upon entering college. Some will be deterred from leaving town because it is too much trouble and not worth while; others through financial and curriculum difficulties; others will undoubtedly organize exotic drinking parties from time to time—but that has been done before. The whole situation is then resolved into the question: Will the increase—if there be an increase—of the number of undergraduates who leave Princeton to drink, added to the more serious consequences that such drinking might entail, outweigh, in harm done the undergraduates as a whole and through them Princeton, the increased number of men who would form the habit of drinking in Princeton if there was general admittance to the bars?

The *Princetonian* agrees with Dean McClenahan that it would not.

One thing is certain which has as yet not made itself heard above the uproar of discordant voices formulating Public Opinion by attempting "de nier ce qui est et d' expliquer se qui n' est pas," and that is, "Ce qui n' est pas" should under no conditions mean Class dinners. There will be no doubt an equitable adjustment under which Class dinners may be held after Christmas.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

BEGINNINGS

Let us watch well our beginnings, and results will manage themselves.—ALEX. CLARK.

There is a true story extant of an undergraduate, who, on the eve of "Block Week," was asked what he was going to do that night. The men around had been bewailing the fact that they would have to stay up all night "bucking," and what was their surprise when he said, "I'm going to the Star. Nothing to-morrow but exams." He "hit" the finals, too.

Then there is the man whose work seems to become easier as the term progresses. He was almost a "grind" for the first month, but at the end of the semester he sails smoothly along near the head of the class with a moderate amount of work.

How do they do it. It is merely a matter of beginning right. Get the first lesson, really get it. Work three hours on it. Work two and three quarters hours on the second, two and a half on the third and soon you will be doing each day's assignment in an hour or less. Take mathematics. If you have the fundamentals right you are safe; if you do not understand them you are lost. In languages, if you do not have the pronunciation and the fundamental rules, you will flounder along all year. A good beginning is half the battle.

A revised version of our text, applicable to university conditions would be: "Let us watch well our preparation, and exams will manage themeselves."—*The Cornell Sun.*

THE ART OF LECTURING

In view of the fact that lecturing constitutes such a large part of the business of university professors, the mere undergraduate is often forced to wonder why many do not learn to do it better.

The whole concern of the teacher is with his thoughts and his knowledge, as that of the gentleman is with his clothes; and he should learn to wear them as gracefully. We might justly expect him to be as proficient in the expression of sound information and of deductions not wholly platitudinous as the man of the world is in the exhibition of good breeding and cultivated taste. If the mind of the one were as polished as the manners of the other, no vocal or physical deficiencies would prevent him from impressing upon his classes his real personality and inspiration. He would neither be trite nor plume himself upon a superficial shrewdness and glitter in learned observations; he would have an unaffected desire to impart his meaning, and if habitual study made him abstracted, this "air of books" he would shake off like a dream before the warmth of an appealing truth, whose significance he desired to bring home to the most lethargic auditor.

For the weak instructor behind his desk, droning over a dusty book of the selfsame notes that ten years ago saw service in the selfsame course, time passes much more quickly than for the student in the seat before him. For the most part he offers a mere collation from the various major publications upon the matter in hand, welded together in a thin matrix of transitions and comments from his own pen, and with the dreariness and insipidity of the whole relieved by more or less irrelevant anecdotes, obviously dragged in to serve as oases in the otherwise insupportable barrenness. His support for solidity is upon facts which are the common property of all real searchers into the subject; his support for entertainment, as a substitute for genuine interest, is upon inanely incidental stories. Of that suggestive instruction which leads students step by step into the delights of a new field, and points out in any topic hitherto unseen relations

to many other topics, establishing a dozen points of contact between new and old interests, he knows nothing; and he cares nothing about exhibiting those traits of individuality which made Garfield see in Mark Hopkins, seated upon a log, all the essentials of a great university.

"It is thus," says a Princeton senior, "that our lecturers talk to us. The professor enters the room and begins speaking loudly in order to be heard above the noise, 'Gentlemen, this morning I wish to take up the subject treated in the ah'—(refers to notes,—'ah, twenty-second chapter of the ah, Hallowell. The principle here laid down by Hallowell is that the exegesis of metempsychosis is correlative to the corresponding strata of the discrete consciousness. Ah, on the other hand this theory was attacked on the subjective side by the great authority, Zink, who said, ah'—(refers to notes)—'by the great authority Zink, who said, ah'—(runs through several pages of notes to find what Zink said. Finds the place and continues.) 'The great authority, Zink, who was a German, and one of the greatest authorities on this subject. He died in 1843, at Prague, where there is a monument 70 feet in height, situated in the public square, to commemorate the fact that he was one of the very greatest authorities on this subject. An interesting anecdote that will possibly bring him closer to you is told to illustrate his extreme absence of mind.' And so he goes on, ad infinitum, sic ad nauseam, until an hour has passed."

There are enough analogues to this Princeton teacher at Illinois to convince us that such a description is not wholly farcical.—*The Daily Illini.*

THE PLUGGER

The ancient saw runs "A day in the Michaelmas term is worth two in the Easter session," and as the University is now well into its yearly stride, we might venture a word or two on the moot question of study. The wise ones will attend at least fairly diligently to work every day, and thus will escape the heavy "grind" at the end necessitated by early neglect. This reminds us that certain students, who mayhap are not painfully brilliant, and who often are earnestly striving to make the best of their opportunities (for, after all, football is not the chief end of a University course), are often scornfully termed "pluggers" by certain vanity-choked, supermen among their fellows.

These individuals of the pyrotechnic intellect can discover no good in the plugger, and predict but mediocrity as his life portion. This view is very universal and very old; it is also very silly. While we decidedly do not advocate study to the exclusion of every other interest, yet all maxims and examples urge steady work and rebuke fitful, firefly efforts. The student who is not ashamed to be seen mentally *drilling*, who can be respectable and rule-keeping without being unctuously virtuous, may be derided as a "plugger"; but he perceives the real reason for his being at college, and he wisely is anticipating the "one dem'd, horrid grind" which continues after school years are finished.

High-browed brilliancy will not burn away opposition as effectively as will continual fire; pretty effervescent waters will not force the way as clearly as the headlong torrent. Remember, we do not mean to encourage the merely foolish plugger who memorizes always and reflects never. He is a calculating machine without the accuracy. Every one pities him and understands when he draws a blank in the lottery of life. He is consuming his years by ceaselessly polishing a firebrick, and trying to impart a lustre to it.

But he is an extraordinary sort. The garden variety of plugger is capable of immense development. Go to it! Let the superficially trained egotist poke fun at your labor. He, be sure, will return four or five mouldy and stunted talents. Let your

one or two be thriving at least. Join the sensible plugger band and what you study will stick to the ribs of your intellect. Let the scoffer go for ten years—and then make comparisons.—*The Varsity,* University of Toronto.

THE FRATERNITY CHOICE

At the stroke of ten to-night, the freshman gives the decision which largely determines the particular kind of college influence which he is to enjoy. No other influence in college is so close or permeating. The college gives environment; the classroom gives knowledge; activities give training; but to all of these the fraternity gives distinction and color. It is not a specific but a general influence which modifies all others.

Fraternity influence is no more indispensable than cream in coffee; but when either is added, it changes the nature of the original. And the nature of the freshman will be very largely influenced by the ideals of the fraternity he joins.

At the beginning of each year, fraternities to many men seem as much alike as soldiers in a line; for neither the fraternity nor the soldier present individuality to the uninformed observer. Yet fraternities have personalities as distinct as persons. A fraternity whose life is integrated has a distinct manner, a persisting standard, an ideal consistently followed, the composite effect of which, becoming inherent in its members, is a life possession.

The fact that fraternities are as distinct as persons implies a difference sufficient to induce careful choice. Fraternity life in the wrong fraternity is worse than no fraternity life at all, for as Bacon says in his essay on "Friendship," "a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." That no man should yield to glamor in which he will not be congenial, is a truth which many learn too late. He who seeks true fraternity satisfaction will not be deceived by the illusion of fine house, and college honors. They may represent no more than an elegant but friendless office-building. He will, rather, choose the fraternity whose spirit is closest, most congenial to his own.

Success and happiness most certainly do not depend upon making a fraternity. But if a choice is to be made at all, it should be the right choice.—*The Dartmouth.*

THE NEW DANCES

Many of those who have attended recent University dances declare that there is a growing tendency to go to extremes. There is no question but that many dancers forget themselves and so deport themselves on the floor as to excite undue comment. The editor of the *Daily News* is not willing to look for bad in everything; he believes that the worst evils connected with the ultra-modern tango and similar dances is the gossip connected with them, the inevitable imputation of evil. If we, all of us, stop looking for evidences of salaciousness, in our dances, but regard them as the spontaneous, natural expression of society, the "spice" would at once be taken from these dances. You can't very well compromise on this dancing proposition: dancing is either immoral or it is not. To select any one dance and make it the "goat" is not a sound position. Let us forget some of our prudishness, refuse to be delightfully shocked when a dancer holds his partner unorthodoxically close, stop all argument regarding the relative morality of the tango and the waltz, and give the whole proposition an opportunity to work itself out naturally. You cannot cram dancing reforms down society, for dances are an expression of society itself. If we run a riot of ugly dancing for a season, it is more than likely that society will become surfeited only the sooner and resume more normal dances. But to tell the student he must not tango is like telling Johnny he must not play with matches. The tango is a bad dance only when we tell somebody he must not dance it, and he then goes and dances it.

It is not the purpose of the writer to defend the dance as it is danced in many cases. He believes that many are ugly exhibitions, mere prostitutions of music. But the fault does not lie with the dance; not by a long shot. The evil, if there is any, is more fundamental. You and I, all of us, are the dance. If we ourselves are "rotten" our dances will reflect ourselves accordingly. It isn't the tango that is bad, but we, the student body. And most of us have 100 per cent more respect for the

man or the woman who tangoes unblushingly than for those smug, hypocritical followers of Madame Grundy who would like to tango, but who prefer to pose as the censors of society. Let us be natural and sincere and this dance question will be devoid of hypocrisy, at least.—*The Wisconsin Daily News.*

PROFESSOR AXSON'S RESIGNATION

It is impossible for us in any adequate degree to express the profound sorrow with which Professor Stockton Axson's resignation as professor of English has affected us. The news came as a distinct surprise. Closely allied as he has been for fourteen years with the best interests of Princeton and Princeton men, we cannot conceive of our University without him.

To Princeton men Mr. Axson typifies the ideal professor; an inspiration in our English courses, a warm sympathetic friend and counseler—a man who has found the best things of this life, and whose pleasure it always has seemed was the imparting of this secret to his students. No other man has been able to inspire us with the great moral truths of existence to such a marked extent as he. No other man has been able to stimulate in his students such desire for work, such pleasure in that work, and such genuine enthusiasm for literature, for reading, and for all those finer pursuits of the mind which are included in the word Culture.

One of the needs of the University education to-day is a closer correlation between students and Faculty. Undergraduates admire above everything else a man, and the popularity based upon the charm and power of a refined personality, as in the case of Professor Axson, is the greatest honor that they can bestow. Education needs more men of the Axson stamp; Princeton cannot do with fewer. Mr. Axson holds a peculiar place in the affections of Princeton men that no one else can fill.

The following words, written for a book and ascribed to the President of the United States, most admirably sum up our appreciation: "To Stockton Axson. By every gift of mind a critic; by every gift of soul a friend."—*The Daily Princetonian.*

SOCIAL SERVICE

Educational pessimists who have regarded themselves as voices crying in the wilderness find a hopeful sign in the interest being manifested by the college youth of the nation in the new extracurricular science of social service. Education, it is argued, is being humanized, socialized; its learning and training is being turned into channels of civic usefulness. And well may we praise the attitude that undergraduates are now assuming toward the state and society. A recent issue of a northern college daily carries an editorial outlining and commending the work accomplished by students in this field of social activity. But, strange to say, the University of Virginia is not even favored with mention in this running summary of the social service work at the various institutions. We can attribute this sin of omission not to the ill-will but to the ignorance of the editor.

The study of the negro question prosecuted by the student committees last session was the most successful as it was the most ambitious program attempted by any group of university students during the collegiate year. The students in the northern institutions have their slumming expeditions; under the tutelage of a professor, they make isolated visits or investigation tours to the ghettoes, the jails, the houses of correction. The impressions that they receive and the information that they gather in this way will serve well to equip the student for future citizenship.

But the social work of the Virginia students last year was of a more substantial, useful character. Our fathers ate sour grapes and their children's teeth are set on edge. We are paying the penalty of the institution of slavery. We have in our midst some twelve million negroes most of whom are illiterates, delinquents and dependents. Their presence combined with their deficiencies creates a great problem, the real problem of the century for the South. Those who are trusted with leadership have chosen a definite line of conduct in dealing with the question. They have committed us to this choice. The relation that

must obtain between the advanced and the backward race is one of social adjustment.—*College Topics,* University of Virginia.

THE GRIND

Poor deaf, blind creature, you are our victim to-day. We want to try to pry open your eyelids that you may see the possibilities in your work. We desire that you hear the sounds of the living world about you.

The grind has one conspicuous merit, in that (unlike the mark seeker) he is sincere in his devotion to study. Like the mark seeker, he is often ambitious for Phi Beta Kappa or Senior Honors. He seeks these, however, not as a satisfaction to his vanity but rather because they represent achievement in study. The grind deserves our pity rather than our contempt, for his is a case of misguided zeal and effort.

He works like a Trojan in his courses. His themes are always handed in on time, his outside reading is promptly done. He devours the textbooks from cover to cover. He takes almost verbatim notes on lectures and then commits these notes to memory. When called upon to recite, he pours forth the contents of the book and then stops. When he writes a quiz or exam, he usually gets a high mark, for the professor cannot well take exception to a recital of his own words. At the end of his course the grind often lands Phi Beta or Senior Honors, by the sheer force of his high marks.

What has he obtained from his university course? Only a well-trained memory and a mass of useless facts. He has lost the entire significance of education, for its chief aim is the liberalizing of the individual. He has failed to realize that mere knowledge is worthless, that it becomes valuable only when applied to life. His knowledge is a jumble of uncorrelated meaningless facts. He has lived with his eyes glued to a book and with his ears closed against the sounds of life. Furthermore, he has not learned to think. It never occurs to the grind to question the opinions of a book or a professor. His mind is a mere storehouse for the ideas of others.

Thus unequipped, without personality, thinking power and originality, the grind goes out into the world. What wonder that he usually makes a failure of his life.—*Wisconsin Daily Cardinal.*

THE DIABOLICAL IDIOCY OF FINAL EXAMINATIONS

There was enacted at the University infirmary yesterday afternoon a scene which cannot but be construed as an argument of burning intensity against the system of final examinations—the departure from the Infirmary and from Cornell of a man in the prime of youthful strength and vigor, his nerves shattered, injured perhaps for life as the result of a three weeks' strain of preparation and trial of final examinations. It is not the first scene of this character, nor will it be the last until the unhealthy unfair, and altogether unwholesome system of final examinations is done away with.

The argument for a system of University classroom grading which will settle the destiny of every man on his actual classroom record—the record of a term instead of a day—have been repeated ad infinitum. To the authorities of Sibley College, their justice has appealed, but in the other colleges, particularly Law, Arts and Civil Engineering, much of the term's success or failure depends upon a final examination and to these colleges, we can but say, "How long, how long?"

The average freshman who enters the university from preparatory school, and whose head is not turned by the lack of home or school restraints or by the lures of fraternity house ease, works, and works hard, earnestly and consistently. But there are always those who are wise beyond their University age, and the undercurrent of advice of these, and of the men who have formed the "final examination habit" during their longer residence in the University, may be expressed by "Never mind if you are down in your work—the final will save you."

And here another picture comes before us, the halls and study rooms of Mr. Sturgis' School for the Feeble Minded, and the days which precede it—rooms crowded to their utmost capacity and a hundred or so sponge-like brains soaking in knowledge ready for the examination day squeezing on the morrow. And we maintain emphatically that such a scene is by no means the result of laziness or natural procrastination alone,

but the result of a system the very scheme of which encourages the postponement of work, the eleventh-hour study which breaks the nerves and shatters the health of men who, under sane intellectual systems might be made into students in the better sense of the word.

We make no plea for the loafer. We ask no pity or consideration of the man whose very purpose in college is to escape work, and who toils unceasingly to avoid labor. We believe rather that a wholesome system of class grading which does away with the final examination, and puts the emphasis of value on each day's work will produce better students and better men, and raise the standard of college work all along the line. But for a system, the main feature of which is a temptation to procrastination; a system which has resulted entirely in the formation of that brain-pail habit by which many a student fills his brain with knowledge as he would a pail, ready to pour forth on examination day; a system which to many a thorough but nervously inclined student, has resulted in permanent injury; we can see no excuse. And just so long as such a system of examinations is continued, just so long will the general academic average of the American college and university remain at the low mark where it stands to-day.—*Cornell Sun.*

TULANE MEN, IS IT TRUE?

There appeared in one of the New Orleans afternoon papers an editorial in which the Tulane student body was characterized as "quitters." It was stated that, as soon as several unfortunate accidents had deprived the Tulane football team of about half of its best men, the scrubs quit for the season and Coach Hoffman was unable to get together enough second string men to scrimmage the Varsity. The writer went on to say that as long as such a spirit prevailed at Tulane we would never be winners. Quitters are never winners. And he is right! If Tulane men are so constituted that in the face of adversity they cannot *stay with the team,* but instead must lay down and quit, then indeed it is time for the Board of Administrators to take notice and *abolish football,* of which we are unworthy exponents.—*The Tulane Weekly.*

A NEWS COMPETITION

The first competition for an editorial position on this paper, open to the members of the Freshman Class, starts this afternoon. There are altogether seven such positions to be filled from the class of 1917, the selection to be determined in each instance upon an absolute merit basis, consisting both of the work which a man does, and the proportionate amount of results, in the form of accepted "news stories," which that work brings. At least one man will be taken on the Board at the end of every competition, each of which runs for approximately two and a half months.

All of us who are on the Board feel that we have derived very distinct benefits from our connection with the *Princetonian.* Naturally we are a bit prejudiced in advising prospective freshman candidates to enter our own field of undergraduate work. We firmly believe that there are certain valuable and lasting advantages to be gained from trying for the *Princetonian,* that no other phase of undergraduate life can supply.

First and foremost, every candidate gets an intimate knowledge of all undergraduate activities, and he gets this knowledge at first hand, coming into contact with the men who are at the head of things in the University. And a man cannot come into contact with such men without being influenced to a great extent, without being broadened in many ways. We emphasize this point particularly at this time, for freshmen have practically no other opportunity of getting such wide acquaintance, not only with the life of the campus, but with the members of the Faculty.

Then there is another side; the valuable instruction received from the work itself. It develops self-reliance, initiative, command of language and facility of expression. It teaches a man how to think. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that practically everyone had the same amount of brains—that the best mind was only a fraction of an idea ahead of the worst—the trouble is that most of us are such intellectual non-combatants that we

don't use them. While a *Princetonian* competition does not necessarily charge every candidate with mental power, it certainly helps in its way. Then there is also offered an opportunity for the acquaintance of the knowledge of the rudiments of journalism, limited though it be.

Previous experience in work of a similar kind is not requisite. In fact it is often a draw-back. Come out with a determination to stick at it, and all the inherent ability that is necessary will uncover itself as you become interested. Real determination is what wins *Princetonian* competitions.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

ON THE POLO CLUB

The communication from the officers of the Freshman class published in this issue of the *Crimson,* transfers the responsibility for the disgraceful disorders at the recent 1913 class dinner from the class as a whole to a small body of men. These men, according to the report of the proprietor of the American House, were intoxicated when they arrived at the dinner; and after assembling at their table they began the disturbance, in which they took the leading part. It appears that most of these men were members of a single freshman organization, the Polo Club. It is manifestly unfair that the class should bear the blame for an exhibition of vulgarity actually occasioned by a small number of distinctly non-representative men; and in view of the publicity which has unfortunately attended the incident, it is important that the responsibility and attendant disgrace should be placed where they properly belong.—*The Harvard Crimson.*

[Editor's Note.—The Polo Club was a freshman organization that had long been rather unfavorably known. At the 1913 freshman dinner, held in a Boston hotel, there was much riotous behavior, resulting in broken dishes and general scandal in the College and in the public press. Investigation proved that the Polo Club members had started the trouble by coming to the dinner in an inebriated condition. Steps were at once taken, as this editorial shows, to have the club demolished. The *Crimson* was much criticized at the time for its stand, but the thinking men in the clubs saw that the stand was right, and in the fall of the next year abolished the Polo Club.]

THE BUSINESS OF SCHOLARSHIP

Critics of the American university, applying to our system the standards by which they judge Oxford, Heidelberg and Berlin, admire the American student for his wide range of activity and his diversity of interests, and then deplore the fact that he is not a student! The deeper ways of learning are to him as unplumbed wells, say the critics, but the things he does, even if they might profane the musty old walls of Oxford, are to be admired and rejoiced in.

Scholarship—the lack of it—might be termed our natural academic vice. In this University from two to three hundred students are dropped from the rolls at the end of every fall term for failure to pass in the minimum eight hours of work. Because of inability or impossible standards set by their instructors? Not at all. If the minimum were four hours practically the same number would fail to pass. It is not inability or high standards, but the sudden transition from home to college life, with the freedom and apparent irresponsibility of the latter, for over fifty per cent of those dropped at Christmas are freshmen. The trouble then, according to the Faculty, is in not getting a right start.

A means of remedying this situation to a great extent has been instituted this year, and with the coöperation of the different houseclub and fraternity organizations on the campus it is hoped to decrease the number of unfortunates to a very few. Arrangements have been made by the recorder for the instructors of freshmen in all departments of the university, to forward to the office twice during each semester the records of all first year students in the work completed up to a given time. At the request of any upper division student in each club or fraternity house, including the women as well, the records of the freshmen in that organization will be furnished. Societies that take pride in the scholarship marks set by their members will then be in a position to enforce study, and in other ways warn their new members of impending disaster.

Such a movement as this, voluntarily inaugurated by members of the faculty, will do much to raise the academic standing of the University of California. It will fix the responsibility for negligent freshmen where it belongs, because the juniors and seniors can prevent the annual horror if they will, and, in the end, it will give answer to the critics who call us superficial and our activities ephemeral.—*The Daily Californian.*

"WHAT HAS HE DONE?"

When reward for merit means social recognition for small undergraduate positions, it degenerates either into something sweetly sentimental, or into an empty mockery. Of these "favorable" positions there are, of course, many. The struggle for them, though pursued discreetly, is often tedious, harrowing or idle: sometimes it may even be blasphemous, for, they say, "a man may smile and smile, and be a boisterous success." This we doubt. But certainly there is much energy wasted, and there are many nervous systems half-shattered over these vain, halfway positions. The ill-starred adventurer who acquires them is indeed pitiable, for often they, though so wildly sought, turn out to be entirely distasteful, to demand hours daily at menial work. This is not right. Positions that are not rewards in themselves, that do not give the incumbent some added development for his pains, are not to be tolerated in this free thinking community; nor are undergraduates who achieve short-lived immortality by having them. Too many such life-preservers have been tossed to men who would otherwise drown in the social swim. For giving glory from such inglorious salvations the system itself may be to blame. But the blood of maintaining and even encouraging these worthless offices, generally managerial or athletic, at the expense of matters of worth, simply because they lead to social fame, is on the hands of the undergraduates.—*Yale News.*

ELIGIBILITY

The time of year is here again when that one word "eligibility" involving, as it often does, in all its apparent simplicity, vast and momentous problems to be solved, perplexed and troubled brows on the faces of the managers and coaches; long weary hours of grinding to pass some missed examination, and a hundred kindred evils, is being passed from lip to lip on the campus and field, as well as in the classroom. The question is being asked, "Is this man eligible; if he isn't eligible, is there any chance of his getting eligible?"

We do not desire to comment at this time in regard to the men who, at the present time, are ineligible and who are so barred from participating in any athletic contest until such ineligibility has been removed. This is a condition which seems bound to exist in spite of every effort to avoid it.

We deem it more timely to say a word of warning to those who anticipate going out for any athletics later in the year, and to freshmen more particularly to keep eligible. Now is the time to apply the remedy for this evil which is the greatest menace to the success of college athletics everywhere. The remedy is simple,—work hard during the time you are not engaged in athletics and do not get behind. But this is of practically little value to you or to the sport which is weakened by your absence, after you are ineligible. A much more bitter dose must then be applied, and this remedy is often too late and without effect.

We then make this appeal to you. Exert your utmost energies to keep eligible. You owe it to yourself, your coach, your fellow-students and to your Alma Mater. To you men who are not engaged in athletics, we would also say,—do your best to help your fraternity brother, your classmate, your friend, to get eligible and likewise help him to stay eligible. Your influence and assistance may perhaps be the means of making some man eligible, and he may be the very player who scores the winning runs or points in some important contest. Don't forget that many games are often won by the conditions and influences exerted by those

other than the members of the team. Let every man, both athletes and non-athleses, do all within his power toward lessening this mighty obstacle which is the most feared enemy of college athletics.—*Syracuse Daily Orange.*

HONOR IN EXAMINATIONS

The necessity in examinations is not dependent upon the adoption of an "honor system." Honor is impelled upon every person, not by some external form, but by the inner requisites of morality and truth. Honor is ethically indispensable.

The fact that the "honor system" has not yet been formally adopted by the faculty, detracts not one iota from the need for honorable conduct in examinations. Students have been known to argue that inasmuch as the "honor system" has not yet been put into formal operation in the University, therefore, the obligation to honor in examinations is not as great as it would be if we were under the "honor system," and required to make the written statement that we had neither received nor given help. This argument rests on no higher assumption than that a person is justified in practicing dishonesty if he can do it without being found out. Shrewdness and ability to deceive can never condone fraudulence.

Every student in this University is under as much necessity and obligation for honorable procedure in examinations this morning as can possibly exist. Whether or not an "honor system" has been applied and authorized in a formal way has no bearing whatsoever upon this obligation. It is a moral obligation, and as such, is not subject to addition or subtraction.

Now the *Daily Orange* does not wish to be understood, from the above exposition, as opposing the adoption of an honor system. We believe in the honor system and have confidence that it will come to Syracuse in the process of time and development. As a matter of discipline—yes, we may say as a matter of inspiration—an honor system is needed. It is needed for those students who would not be honorable without it. It is needed because conditions at Syracuse, as at every human institution, are not ideal or utopian. The honor system is a necessity for our weaker brothers and sisters.—*Syracuse Daily Orange.*

WHAT WILL BE DONE?

What will the Y. M. C. A. do this year? Will it go its customary rounds and settle down into a comfortable "self-complacency," or will it see the needs at Haverford and strain every nerve to meet them? Certainly, if asleep, it should be roused, if for no other reason than to read the "Inside of the Cup"—collectively. How about our precious goblet? Is its inner surface as clean as it might be?

We do not wish to speak harshly of the Y. M. C. A., nor do we intend to evade the point. There are certain very definite needs in this college which the Y. M. C. A. can meet if it is so inclined. The first is that of acclimating the freshmen into the vagaries of college life so that they will be benefited, and not fall by the wayside. We have no criticism of the Association in this field. The second need is one almost as easy to meet. The necessity of having some organized method of interesting fellows in work outside of themselves. This does not apply to those already loaded with college duties of varied kinds, but to men who, unless teaching Italians English or saving lost souls in Preston, will tend to grow exclusively unto themselves. Growth unto yourself violates a social law. The third demand is even more difficult to meet than the second. It is that which requires the life of every man at Haverford to be touched and finally pushed —driven if you please—by a vital, forceful religious experience. Whether the Association can do this, is a question. Certainly this pillar of our church should be repapered if not replastered, or removed and one seven times stronger put in its place. Finally, the most difficult thing of all is the need of appropriate application of religious energy. After creating a sacred cyclone, just what barns must lose a roof? A man touched by the above-mentioned regenerating force could not but urge the Student Council to vigorous and timely action when in the throes of a "ticklish situation." He could not but be actively concerned that bread throwing should cease in the dining room. He could not be vindictively loud against all use of spirituous liquors upon the

college grounds. These four needs are merely a few from a hundred odd. There is ample opportunity if the Y. M. C. A. quietly, actively, very energetically gets busy.

Of course it must be remembered that the Kingdom does not, like a mushroom, grow in a night time. The Y. M. C. A., nevertheless, has been placed in our midst, possibly divinely, for no other purpose than to aid the steps of the right and badger the steps of the wrong. One attitude they must avoid, the conception that quotes:

"For those that rest in peace 'tis well;
The rest, they may be dammed.
There's plenty of room for them in Hell.
We shan't have Heaven crammed."

From an outside point of view this must not be absolutely a part of this year's administration. We feel sure that is will not be. Just what will happen we do not know. We are not with Saul amongst the prophets. Certainly if the outcome is the cultivation of a real, vital, constructive spirit, of Christ's pattern, it has our moral support.—*The Haverford College Weekly.*

LIBRARY CLOCK PHILOSOPHY

We noticed a clock in the library the other day. This particular clock was not running. It appeared to be an efficient clock; it had the inner mechanism; it had a compact and practical looking exterior. Nothing seemed to be lacking, and yet the clock was not performing its function. So is it with some students, they possess the mental mechanism, their appearance and bearing promises much, and yet they fail to perform their functions. Just as the clock is patiently awaiting the time when someone will set in motion its inner mechanism, transforming it from a useless decoration into an uncertain timepiece, so are they waiting for someone to force activity upon them, to feed them pre-assimilated knowledge, and transform them from complacent idlers into reluctant students.—*The Oberlin Review.*

THE ONE YEAR RULE

The progressive and expansive policies encouraged in this college for the last decade, have been especially significant, not only for their intensity, but also for the far-reaching effects they have had throughout the state. Hand in hand with the maturing of the institution, our athletics have made rapid strides forward—so rapid, in fact, that to-day, in athletic capacity, we are not in the same class with some of our former rivals. In order to make effects of growth and progress lasting, however, they must have the proper reception, and perfect enviroment. What would appear to be more necessary, as an athletic stimulus, than the One Year Rule, which the sister institutions in our class have already fostered for an appreciable time?

The One Year Rule generally provides: that all students entertaining an institution shall have attained a one year's residence in the same, before they shall be deemed eligible to play on varsity teams. This bars all freshmen, and all new men from playing on varsity teams for the period of one year. The fact that such institutions as Cornell, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and most of the larger institutions have seen fit to uphold this law, probably speaks more in its favor than anything else.

The present athletic status of our institution warrants and practically demands, that this rule be adopted—not to go into effect immediately, for that would be too sudden, but to be enforced from the fall of 1914 on.

It has been asserted by people who know, that the failure of Penn State to obtain more games with universities and colleges of her class, and to obtain recognition on Camp's All American Team, was due to a great extent, to the absence of the One Year Rule.

It might be asserted by an opponent to the One Year Rule, that Penn State is not ready for it—that it has not always succeeded where tried, and that the strength of the teams would be impaired. In answer to those statements it might be said that, if

we can beat such institutions as Cornell and Pennsylvania, which have this rule, we at least should be ready for the same. The rule has met with failure only in small institutions where the material was very scarce. The strength of the team would not be affected, because the percentage of freshmen on varsity teams is small. At the same time the good men would have a chance to play for three years, or possibly four, after their required residence; those who would not stay longer than one year, are not desirable from an athletic standpoint.

If this proposition is seriously considered, it will readily be apparent that what we need in this institution is the rule which provides for a one year's residence to obtain eligibility for varsity teams. Last year progressive amendments were passed. Let us this year benefit our Alma Mater by passing the One Year Rule by a unanimous vote.—*The Penn State Collegian.*

FORETHOUGHT

When an army pack-mule is being loaded for an expedition, his eyes are covered and as great a burden is lashed on his back as he can carry. The only difference between this patient beast and a certain number of undergraduates is that the mule is blindfolded. Every man ought to know when his load is heavy enough, just as he should have the good sense to refuse an excessive one. Unfortunately, many forget that every election gained, every competition won, every appointment received means work in the future. To the man who picks and chooses among the positions open to him, comes an adequate, reasonable heritage of interesting pursuits, which he has selected to suit his taste and ability. To the climber, the office-seeker or the thoughtless one, comes unsuitable, uninteresting labor, late hours, and neglect of the curriculum.

It is among men of the latter type that we find the treasurer who never made out a check, the cotillion leader who never attended a dance, and the manager who never could keep his own accounts straight—a condition that can be remedied only by the exercise of discrimination by those who have the power to give offices and by those who receive them.—*Yale News.*

OUR OPPOSITION TO ATHLETICS

Believing that the generalization concerning the intercollegiate athletics in the last few issues of *The Daily Maroon* demand greater application, *The Daily Maroon* wishes to state its position on the matter. *The Daily Maroon* is opposed to intercollegiate athletics as they are conducted at present, on the same grounds that it is opposed to the entire system of student activities that has made the academic side of college education a mere incidental. The wild hysteria of overorganization in student activities has reached its wildest extreme in athletics. And conditions have now come to the point where college students must once more be reminded that college exists primarily for the purpose of training the mind, and, that other activities are of benefit, only so far as they further that purpose. Otherwise hundred of thousands of parents are annually squandering money, and thousands of educators are wasting their time. The issue must be faced. And nowhere is remedy more necessary than in athletics.

Not even the most enthusiastic supporter of intercollegiate athletics can assert that it is genuinely a student activity. It consists in ensnaring into college by spectacular methods students who have already established athletic records in preparatory schools. Little attempt is made to conceal the fact that these students enter the University largely because of the opportunity of exercising their athletic prowess. One per cent of the student body specializes in athletics, supposedly representing the student body, while the other 99 per cent sits on the bleachers and gives vent to primitive shrieks.

Can anybody maintain that athletes can even make a pretence at studying when they are kept out on the field from three o'clock to seven and eight o'clock at night? Can a student, rising from a hastily eaten meal at half-past eight in the evening, be expected to put forth any serious intellectual efforts when he has been battered around on a football field from four to five hours? And yet, any member of the football squad at Chicago knows that this is the case.

In addition, too much athletic specialization for eight years—from the first year in high school to the last year in University—must and does necessarily react unfavorably on a man's physique. If athletics were participated in so generally by the student body that no small body of men would have to work from October to June, we could say that we have sane athletics, but not until then. And never will that happen until the insane desire for victory and championship is eliminated. And never will that come until we do away with the intercollegiate athletics and adopt something similar to the English system.

Athletics is to-day too much of a business. Its only object is victory. The student cheers his team as long as it is victorious. Captain Steffen's championship team fought not a bit harder three years ago than did Captain Crawley's team last year. But last year there happened to be another team that was better than Chicago's, while three years ago there was none. Was Crawley given a gold watch? Were the members of his team glorified? Why not? Had they not fought so gallantly for Chicago? Did they ever quit? It is simply because they did not win, because they did not come back with the spoils. Such an attitude cannot but react upon the entire attitude of the student body, and such an attitude can only result in inculcating in the minds of young people in the formative stage, a philosophy that glorifies material returns as an end, irrespective of the means—that means "get the goods." And it is this philosophy that leads to the commercial and political dishonesty that furnishes work for the grand juries, and the Senate committees, and the jailers. And it is this concept of social obligation that leads students to leave to a few people, conduct of student activities, the affairs of the community, that will lead them later in life to leave municipal, state, and national affairs, and all other interests of social unity to a few professional politicians, while the great bulk of the population will lie in bovine placidity, and turn around spasmodically to grunt whenever it will accidently discover that it has been wronged. That is why college alumni to-day are not taking the active part in the affairs of the country they should. And that is why *The Daily Maroon* is opposed to intercollegiate competition in athletics.—*The Daily Maroon*, University of Chicago.

IN WHICH WE POINT OUT TWO PITFALLS

It is a platitude that college life is full of pitfalls. The root of all evil in college is supposed to be "wine, women, and song," and this is so popularly looked upon as the only danger to be guarded against in sending a son away to a university, that practically all of the paternal warnings bear on it.

There are two cardinal dangers in addition to that before mentioned, of which a youth must beware while away at school. The first is loafing. The second is that of spending too much money.

There is much less supervision and prodding along here than in a secondary school. The strong parental influence is, of course, absent, and university professors are not of the taskmaster type, inflicting small penalties for work not done, as do the teachers in the high school or academy. It is easy to get along for a few weeks without working; but things stiffen up soon, it is difficult to catch up, and the "bust" notice comes in February. It is infinitely easier to do your work from day to day.

The abuse of credit is the second peril which must be avoided. Competition has brought Ithaca merchants to a point where one can charge things to almost any amount. You say that you don't really need an article, that it seems expensive, and you are immediately assured that, "It's all right. You don't have to worry about when you pay for it." You say to yourself, "If they're willing to take a chance, I am," and the first thing you know you owe some three months' allowance downtown. Once started, this course gives you bills that follow you through your entire course. Merchants might do well to offer habitually a discount for cash and endeavor to stimulate cash sales.

The *Ithaca Journal* yesterday ran an editorial headed, "Ready For College." The advice of an older man should never be disregarded, and it is on our own subject so we quote it in part. Talking of the boy just going away, it says:

"Does he know the dollar in the dollar, not as a part of an easy allowance, but as pay for hard service? Does he have his

own principles and opinions, based not on what he assumes, but on what is so; does he stand by them until he gets, not more pressure, but more light? Does he manage himself or will his mates lead him like a blindfold initiate? Is he going to college, as he gets up in the morning, because the time has come? Or does he rather go, as he takes up the bat in a ball game, because there is need for the best he can bring to pass?

"Happy the father and mother whose boy is taking to college a careful use of money, a settled habit of self-direction, a purpose that will put past every by-path. He will never lead the leisure class nor win distinction in the night shift; but he will get what the college wants to give him."

We like especially the sentence "Is he going to college, as he gets up in the morning, because the time has come."—*Cornell Sun.*

HE CLAIMED TO BE GOD

It is reported from Wesley Hall that one of the theologs has been taken home, adjudged a raving maniac. Among other things this unfortunate young man claimed to be God. We believe that a lunacy commission could find many other crazy theologs, not only in this particular divinity school but in all others. Of all work, that of the divine minister should be broadening. His field is the world. Unfortunately the majority of them are not broad in any sense. They have a mistaken idea that study is the whole thing. Who respects a narrow, glass-eyed, cracked voiced preacher. After having overtaxed his strength, he generally "sees through a glass darkly." Hard work, such as is indulged in by many of the members of such schools, is ruinous. To minister is their duty. To mix is essential. All work and no play makes Jack Theolog a dull boy. Come out of the dark hole into the shining light of God's creation. Gather the harvest instead of always tearing up the reaper. The priest's life in the olden monastery furnished more satisfaction to himself. He was social, for he would drink his Rhenish wine. Brother Theolog, come out of it. With a hop, skip and jump turn a somerset, give three whoops and live!—*The Hustler,* Vanderbilt University.

STATUS OF TECHNICAL COURSES

Eldridge Wheeler, the newly appointed regent, pleased not a few of us when he said that he looked most favorably upon the technical courses taught in the State University, and that he would like to see more instruction given similar to that offered by the school of forestry, the school of education and the school of mines.

E. W. Ferris, state forester, praises not only the school of forestry, but the entire university, in the report which he has just submitted to Governor Ernest Lister. The practical courses, as he calls them, or the technical courses, as he who would not that which is unacademic, would call them, are commended.

Business men of the state are urging the establishment of a school of commerce as a part of the university. Chambers of commerce and commercial clubs through the state are insistent in their requests that courses be offered to the student which will fit him for some definite vocation. In other words, there is a demand that the college graduate possess an education that will place him among the ranks of trained men.

The raising of the status of technical courses does not necessarily mean that the worth of cultural courses is diminishing. The value of instruction of cultural character is well understood and conceded.

The entire educational system of this country has been compelled to adjust itself to the growth and development of society. People have recently protested that the high school was a college preparatory institution and then pointed out the small per cent of high school graduates that entered college. Their objections were met by reorganizing the high school. The modern high school of to-day is essentially a trade school. Of course, a student may elect such courses as he may need to meet the entrance requirements of a university or college.

This demand for instruction of a more "practical" character has struck the university and the higher educational institution. In years to come we can imagine the technical character of the

instruction offered by the State University. And then there will be a national university where instruction of a still more specialized character may be obtained.

Instruction of a cultural character has its value, but a student who has been fed on a diet of Latin, Greek, mathematics, Gothic —we will not name more—learns upon graduation that he has failed properly to equip himself for life's work, and has to take a business college course in order to be worth a living wage.— *The University of Washington Daily.*

FRESHMAN CAPS

The freshman caps will soon make their appearance on the campus and perhaps a foreword concerning them is not altogether out of place. The custom of wearing a cap of this sort has been observed in some of the larger colleges and universities for many years, but the custom dates back only about four years in this institution. As the entering classes grew in size the necessity of some badge of recognition was felt and this custom grew out of the need.

The Dartmouth three upper classes recently voted to see that the freshman cap rule is enforced in that institution, and the sophomores at Columbia University have voted to wear a uniform class hat. So this is not a means to humiliate the freshmen or to show the authority of the sophomore class, as it sometimes appears, but is a class distinction.

There is nothing which the 1915 class as a whole will do which will cement it together man for man any more firmly than this cap. Many freshmen will find classmates whom they had previously supposed were from the upperclasses, and the juniors and seniors who have few ways of meeting the lower classes will greet each man with this cap on as a Maine man. Some freshmen meet as "frat" or "non-frat" men, some in musical clubs or athletic organizations, etc., but the cap is something which every first year man can have in common. It is a link to bind him to Maine. Each man should look at the matter in this light —that the cap is a recognition button for upperclassmen, a means of producing unity for his class, and a badge which any "prep" school man should be proud to wear as a freshman at Maine.— *The Maine Campus.*

THE RIGHT IDEA

Many are the benefits of a college education, but they are hard to define. The broadening of the intellectual realm is almost inperceptible to the subject, but he is aware of a widening horizon. The average public schoolboy looks upon a matriculant as a specimen of very highly concentrated learning, but the matriculant is aware of how little he really knows. He in turn gazes at the senior with awe and wonders how so much knowledge could be contained under a number seven hat. The budding baccalaureate is afraid of showing how little he knows. It all shows the progressiveness of the individual and the realization of the infinity of knowledge. Neither is conscious of much knowledge, but could a photograph be taken of the mind at successive stages, what a contrast would be shown in self-esteem.

The common phrase "receive an education" to the people at home means the accumulation of knowledge from books and lectures; but to the student himself it has a different meaning. It is the means by which personality is developed, the making of the man, the process by which he becomes sensible to his duties.

Can personality be evoked from outside sources—lectures, books, etc.? Is it not by the mastery of this knowledge and the adaptation of it to one's environment that personality is developed? Personality is the goal of education. An education can only be gained by work—and hard work too. As strength is received from assimilation of food, so too, intellectual strength can only come from assimiliation of knowledge. How often we meet among students—especially theologs—men who have a mass of undigested material, "a belly full of east wind of philosophy" but who have no steadfast position. They have imbibed freely from books and lectures and pour it forth as freely, devoid of any mark of personality. Everybody is desirous of knowledge, but few are willing to undergo the labor in acquiring it; e.g. the union of fond memories and the library. However we are stimulated by the word of the sage, that it is with intellectual discipline as it is with the development of moral virility. A

course of action done for time under a sense of moral obligation and as a grievous duty becomes after a time a pleasure and a joy. One's University career should be beneficial in disciplining and training the mind,—a process which leads to self-realization. The submission to discipline eventually changes to the love of knowledge.

But of what value is an educated man to the community if he has not the ability to give expression to his knowledge? To be capable of deep perception and noble thoughts and yet be unable to give expression to them is an intolerable burden. The educated man must be able to use his own language with facility, unless he imparts and applies knowledge, he is useless to society.

The object of education is to give direction to personality. Everyone has this power which is peculiarly adaptable to different environments. Each has an influence especially his own. The college course is intended to build up this power and draw out the capacity for leadership.—*The Varsity.*

MORPHEUS IN CLASS

Of course, many undergraduates fall asleep in two o'clock recitations because they have gorged themselves at dinner—even Franklin warned the people against eating to dullness. But this fascinating question, why people fall asleep in classes at other hours, remains unanswered. At times, Morpheus seduces half the class; and the belated professor, if conscientious and of a good disposition, attempts to regain that sleeping half, by exerting a greater effort. This is laudable, and generally futile as growing sulky or indignant. An occasional course, to be sure, is anaesthetically dry; so is an occasional teacher. And in such courses, under such instructors, a healthy, alert, and uninspired undergraduate cannot be blamed for a nap. But instances of this blameless slumber are few, and where many students sit attentive, slumber has transported only the unappreciative, or the stupid. It is often the only escape for a feeble mind, from the misery of incomprehension. To bring such minds back from the Land of Nod, to pleasures and blessings past their ken, would, of course, be sheer brutality.—*Yale News.*

"CASTLES THAT FALL"

Ambition is worthy of praise if directed toward a worthy end, yet how many men come to college with the idea of being somebody in this little world of ours, and who gradually slip back to lose sight of their high aim in the general storm and stress of college life. All is not plain sailing on the way to the goal of ambition, and derelicts, so to speak, are many. A man comes to college, for example, with the purpose of real study. At first, perhaps, he does get into the spirit of things, but after a time pleasure lures him away, and to do enough work to just barely get by, is all that remains of his ambition. His little bubble has bursted through his own lack of will power. Again, men come to college with the purpose of making good in athletics. A few weeks of hard work and then they are on the rocks, all interest is gone, all ambition played out. Those sort of men are never a credit to a college, and are never likely to succeed in the business world, as success is reckoned now. Yet, how many, how many are there, who qualify for this class.

To make up for all the failures, however, there are a commendable number of successes. The student who comes here with worthy ambitions, who lives up to those ambitions in the right way, who works hard and does not give up when things are going adversely, is the man who makes the reputation of any institution, be it a college or in the business world—a man whom everyone respects and admires, and to whom success is not the mere attainment of ambition, but is the high ground from which he can look back and view with pride the obstacles that he has overcome in his forward struggle. We need more men of this sort—the college needs them, the business world is calling them. No man wants to see the castles that he has pictured for himself, falling away into crumbling ruins. Force of character, strength of will and stick-to-it-tiveness, are attributes to be universally sought after in this world, and once attained are of inestimable value. Let us not have our castles in ruins, let us not allow our dreams to fade from us without their realization, but let us earnestly strive toward the goal we have in view, and

whether in success or failure, the knowledge that we have not "given up the ship" will be a source of great satisfaction to each one of us. Just at this time of year we begin to become lax, begin to allow these pictures of the mind to fade away. Now is the time to lay a foundation, and see to it that our plans are carried out to the best of our ability.—*Brown Daily Herald.*

A FIELD FOR REFORM

When brought down to a final analysis, the crime, for such a term is after all only too appropriate a name to apply to the offense of answering to another's name during a roll call, is nothing more nor less than the deliberate telling of an intentional falsehood. That any college man would attempt to defend such a wrong, upon any other grounds than those he might employ in upholding any violator of the law, seems to us preposterous.

The existence of the practice referred to is only too readily proved by the notorious reputation that such courses as Oriental 101 and in the fall term Military 2B have gained in this respect. Examples are to be found in any college or department throughout the University, and furthermore, and making the matter worse, the actions of those who are guilty are countenanced and sanctioned by their fellow students. Human nature seems to be so constructed that we are very prone to overlook a great host of petty deceits; such are typified in the present instance by falsely answering "present" for your neighbor, while at the same time, we are only too willing to condemn in the severest manner possible, any attempt which may be made at outright "cribbing" in examinations. But both these crimes are found in the same category, and while perhaps differing somewhat in degree, are in reality but two forms of deceit, neither of which deserve the least defense in their behalf.

That the former should have existed for so great a length of time as it has, here at California, where we take pride in extolling our personal honor system, is to be deeply regretted, but does not in any way serve as an excuse for its further continuance. We are willing to attribute it in the past, to thoughtlessness, but any usage of this plan in evading classes in the future, will brand the culprit, in our eyes at least, as belonging to the same class as the inveterate "cribber."—*The Daily Californian.*

DRINKING

There is one subject—and it is one of the most important questions that can arise in a man's college career—on which very little is said in undergraduate publications. That is the question of drinking.

It is not our intention to add anything to the reams of discussion as to whether alcohol is a poison and as to whether teetotalism is better than moderation. There has been enough said on that subject to allow a man to decide for himself.

What we do wish to assail most strenuously is drinking to excess by any undergraduate, and the formation of the drinking habit by freshmen because they think it is "collech."

There is no defense for drunkenness in anyone, old or young, so we shall turn immediately to the freshmen. Why is it that a freshman seems to think that drinking has an important place in college life? What are the attractions of beer to one who has probably hardly tasted it?

Does a man newly arrived at a University drink it just because he is forbidden to at home? Does he drink it because he thinks that he is not a real man unless he does? Is he afraid of the laughter of a minority of his fellows? Does he drink it just to show he can? Or does he think that it will help him in his University work or will get him something in athletics, competition, or socially?

The first four possibilities are not worth dignifying into importance by even discussing them. They merely ask: Has the man a will of his own? As for the last possibility, the drinker is at a disadvantage in almost every line of University life. How can it be otherwise when drinking takes time, dulls the faculties, and lowers efficiency generally? Who is it who "busts out" of the University? Who is it who lives at the tutoring school during "Block Week"? Does drinking help a competitor? Does it stand to reason that a man running a competition will willingly intrust responsibility to one who cannot even control himself?

Does an athletic coach prescribe alcohol? Does a business man advise his clerks to patronize the saloon?

Drinking will not profit a man in the great mass of University activities. Of course it is almost a requirement for two or three clubs whose influence on their members is of questionable value, and it may be an aid in the rather turbid game of class politics. But for ninety-nine men out of a hundred it is a good thing to leave alone.

Drinking is on the decrease at Cornell—which is a significant argument against it. According to a well-known professor, a graduate himself, and a man who keeps informed on undergraduate matters, there is only one-quarter of the drinking among Cornellians now that there was ten years ago. That is encouraging, but there is still too much.—*Cornell Sun.*

ATHLETIC PATERNALISM

Imitation is the sincerest kind of flattery. The University of Minnesota has been imitated a great many times and in a great many ways in the things that we have accomplished in the classroom and on the athletic field. We daresay this is all very nice. But now we have come across a thing which we could ourselves imitate with profit. Word comes from the University of Michigan that the paternal system of athletics is being started there. Each candidate for a varsity team takes a freshman in charge and trains him for the position he himself occupies. In this way, varsity men are training understudies to take their places when they step out. We are told that some sixty or seventy freshmen are this year receiving instruction as a result of this plan.

The advantages of such a plan are at once apparent. Athletic teams will be self-perpetuating. Aspirants for varsity honors will have not only the benefit of training by hired coaches but will have also the specific training for a particular position that cannot but bring results. Michigan teams have always been famous for their prowess on the athletic fields. Minnesota teams have been no less famous. In our effort to maintain the high standards of athletic excellence which have been set in the past, therefore, we would do well to adopt some such plan as the paternal system and thus take a great step toward insuring our future athletic successes.—*The Minnesota Daily.*

A NEW ESPRIT DE CORPS

The musings recorded above on the duties of seniors toward freshmen have brought us face to face with one duty upon which we hesitate to speak; not that it is not important, for it is, but because we ought to be farther removed in order to envisage it with appropriate emphasis and meaning. We refer to the duty of setting high intellectual standards, of creating if you please, an intellectual esprit de corps. For one of the things which the young and yielding mind needs to be shown, is how to do its work with a certain finish of completeness. It should learn to take pride in doing its work thus, and, if necessary, to make a defense for it and not feel abashed. It should learn early the joy which comes of mastery of its daily task and the divineness of such joy. It should learn to live in an intellectual atmosphere, and to find its recreations and its diversions in other sorts.

Not alone the undeveloped mind needs an intellectual atmosphere, but the maturer mind of the advancing student as well. It seems that as the student advances to sophomore, junior and senior, he should learn more and more to move out of his "outgrown shell" and to enter "more stately mansions" of higher being. Intellectual enthusiasms should be caught up, and every man should force as many intellectual situations for himself as he can. It is said of the German students that between classes they may be heard discussing Schiller's relation to Kant or the German drama's debt to Shakespeare. American students on the other hand, may be heard to enquire the latest ball-score or remark a recent caper of Mutt and Jeff.

But to be specific; it is conceivable that the future will evolve an Oberlin student, who if he receives a grade of "C" when he is a sophomore, will receive a grade of "A" when he becomes a senior. Why? Because he has learned several things: he has learned things have permanent value, has discovered that the much is the worst enemy of the best, he has found the secret of

attack, the way to think, the joy of creating, the art of expression, and a whole list of things he could not earlier know.

At present however, there are probably many seniors who haven't learned to evaluate things correctly, who weight themselves down with pressing and useless burdens, who know little the way of winding into an intellectual subject, or of extricating themselves after once being in, and who are strangers to the English sentence. Intellectual enthusiasms, situations, curiosities will never denote them. They will never interest their friends with things so high and noble.

When will these new things be? When a college, in the words of Newman, exists "for the perfection of the mind," when scholarship is ranked above popularity, when the younger reverence the older and the older are worthy of reverence because they have wrought well in the high field of the mind, when knowledge and not the pursuit of money becomes the goal of ambition.—*The Oberlin Review.*

CONFESSING FAITHS

Whatever ideals have been treasured, whatever dreams have been dreamed in behalf of the Michigan Union, were realized last night. If the Union has ever meant anything or if it is ever to mean anything, that was attained at the membership dinner. The ideal was realized when our President, an honored alumnus and a student, each in turn made a confession of faith. It was no ordinary gathering. Emotions of no ordinary intensity answered the behest of democracy.

A president removed from his "boys" by arduous administrative duties, embraced a golden opportunity and formulated, as never before, his ambitions, to an audience never more eager. An alumnus, who but seven years ago, was an undergraduate, harassed by the same doubts that confuse the present generation, returned to taste the unbridled fellowship of the collegian, to receive a whole hearted, unstinted Michigan Union welcome.

Rather is it a fact than a hope, that the Michigan Union is for "Michigan Men Everywhere."—*The Michigan Daily.*

FINANCIAL EFFICIENCY

To put the administration of class and college finances upon a business-like basis and to prevent the existence of "graft" in undergraduate public life,—this, in short, is the purpose of the proposed "Rules Governing Class and College Finances" which are printed in another column. These rules, of course, do not apply to athletic or other private organizations such as Cap and Bells and most of the publications.

Both these objects are desirable, but, because an adequate system is lacking at the present time, neither are insured. The absence of a provision for auditing the accounts of government officials would be considered very unbusiness-like in the outside world; and a college is in many respects a nation in miniature. It is almost superfluous to say that personal profits should not be gained through an office of public trust by corrupt methods, but—unfortunately this ideal situation does not exist in undergraduate life to-day. It is also true that certain positions require pecuniary recompense, but this must be a matter of public knowledge.

In evolving the proposed system, primary consideration has been given to simplicity of construction and efficiency of machinery. Much time and labor has been spent in the preparation of the plan, and it is the result of detailed consideration. Discussion of the various specific provisions may be of value.

In the first article, provision is made for the concentration of responsibility for class and college funds. This requires more of the treasurers than has been expected of them in the past, but it puts the responsibility in its logical place. Sec. 3 provides for the pooling of all committee funds in case the present system of separate tax for each class affair is employed. It also permits the use of an annual budget system for all class expenditures.

An auditing committee is constituted in the second article. For the sake of efficiency it is small, and for the sake of continuity of policy and for the preservation of necessary records, it includes an alumnus in residence.

The duties of this committee are specified in detail in the third article. Appropriate dates have been selected for the auditing of college and class accounts. The senior treasurer will be a member of the freshman parade committee but as in the special cases following, he shall not be allowed to draw upon the freshman treasurer in case of a deficit without the approval of the auditing committee. Although the receipts for the sophomore prom do not come entirely from the sophomore class, this class is responsible for the management of the affair and should therefore stand by it financially. The *Gul.* is a class publication and is not published by a private organization,—therefore precedent has decreed it is a subject for public legislation in contradistinction with the other college publications. Its managers are entitled to some profit for their labor, if receipts can be made to exceed expenditures, but inasmuch as it is a public affair, the class should be made partially responsible. It is difficult to provide satisfactorily for the Class Day committee, as its financial duties do not end until after the class has graduated, but the dictates of custom have been followed in regard to the Senior Banquet report, and it is merely to be hoped that the committee will consider it a duty to turn in their financial accounts for auditing, although no compulsion is possible.

No power of enforcing the provisions of these rules is given to the auditing committee except the requirement that all illegalities be published, as provided in article four. No greater power is necessary, for if public opinion will permit irregularities, it would be difficult to eradicate them.

Freshman caps have been considered separately, for this agency has been regarded in the past as a quasi-undergraduate scholarship. Profit in this case has formerly been great and it is the purpose of article five to make the profit a just compensation for the work required.

It is to be hoped that this movement for financial reform in undergraduate circles will be taken up by the various private organizations wherever reform is necessary or desirable, and that the principle of just compensation for honest labor will be the ruling factor in dictating such reforms. Excessive returns in any managership post should not be tolerated, and as a general

rule the greater the honor which a position offers the less should be the accompanying stipend.

But all this is a matter of undergraduate concern, and any attempt on the part of the college administration or Faculty to control these matters without just cause should be viewed as a usurpation of undergraduate freedom. A large part of the value of student activities lies in their independence. Power over the purse, it has been said, is power over the will. Unless an efficient system like the one proposed be adopted, this control is none too remote a possibility. Not only should the college guard its finances for control,—every undergraduate organization should render its finances so efficiently managed as to remove all ground for outside supervision, and to answer definitely the question of Faculty paternalism.—*Williams Record.*

OUR ANSWER

We are glad to see a defender of social clubs who will come out into the open.

His point, briefly, is that we have no right to call these clubs snobbish. Briefly also, we answer that we have the right to call them and their members snobbish because we have to live with them, go to classes with them, sit with them at class functions, and associate with them on other occasions. We have to see two club members leave the men with whom they have come downtown and walk off together, with not the slightest invitation to the others to join them. We have to see them monopolize a table at a class banquet and say to others who start to sit at it, "This is a club table."

One cannot avoid them entirely. In avoiding the club members as a whole, also, one is cut off from the friendship of the few individual members who are not snobbish.

We should be interested to hear what a defender would say of the clubs' promotion of drinking, harm to athletes, and injury to scholarship.—*Cornell Sun.*

THE VALUE OF TRADITION

The principal lesson which every man must have derived from the speakers of Dartmouth Night, was the value of tradition to the College. The mass of tradition, handed down for nearly a century and a half, is enormous; and it is, moreover, an advantage and inspiration to the alumni, who see in the College of the present, the customs which they recall from their own college days.

Yet there are criteria of judgment even for such hallowed institutions, and these standards should be applied now and again to customs, lest habit, engendered by tradition, becomes merely a useless survival of primitive times. Without doubt, the first standard of tradition, and the one most commonly applied to it, is that of age. How long has this custom been in force? The greater the age the more respect it will acquire, since man believes quite properly, that wrong will not persist for ages.

The second standard is that of expediency. How does this tradition correlate with the life, habits, and conditions of the present, and does it serve the purpose for which it was founded? If it impede progress and hamper accomplishment, there seems no valid argument why it should not be cast aside to make way for new traditions which it is the privilege of each academic generation to inaugurate. The habits, dress, and mode of life of the present-day college, may become the sacred traditions of to-morrow, and therefore immediate action should be judged from the light of future tradition.

The third standard is that of common sense. Has the custom been developed through rational process? If it is the outgrowth of some demand, the answer to some need in college life, it is amply justified, and by the standard just mentioned a new contingency may arise at any time which will justify a tradition to bind the future.

These three standards of tradition should be applied to all the present-day problems which have come down to us in tradition.

All such problems as, for instance, the Sunday closure of the library, the sophomoric carelessness of dress, and compulsory chapel, in order to be justified, should endure at least two of these three tests. *The Dartmouth* withholds its judgment on these problems from the present discussion, and merely aims to arouse in the undergraduate a realization that even the most venerable tradition should be able to bear the pragmatic test, "Will it work?"—*The Dartmouth.*

TRADITIONS VS. INSTITUTIONS

How often are traditions confused with institutions! The regents pass a resolution establishing Convocation day as an institution and the campus promptly begins to talk about the new tradition. The student council authorizes the wearing of toques thereby creating a new institution, and immediately a so-called new "tradition" takes hold.

There are great differences between traditions and institutions. Traditions are practices that grow up without legal restraint or regulation; institutions are formulated by legally constituted bodies acting in their official capacities.—*The Michigan Daily.*

FROM OUT THE EAST

The refinement, the elegance and culture of the slogan adopted this year by the University of Illinois, "Hang It On Chicago," transcends all artistic imagination, and vainly do we seek for polite words and civil with which to give vent to our admiration for this show of academic cultivation. Well may we rough westerners fail to appreciate the delightful sentiment of the phrase, expressing as it does the high civilization of the recently-become-effete Illinois. When the light of learning reaches us. we, too, can dodge the provincialism of clean English and begin to "swat" our opponents and perhaps "hang it on 'em."—*The Daily Californian.*

"FOR THE NUMBERS CAME"

Yale no longer reverberates with the blows of the iconoclast; the prophet of doom without salvation now raises his voice in vain. But it is not shattering the Idol of Democracy to suggest that Yale College might be improved by harboring fewer men. For whatever number entered, or tarried, there would still be equal opportunity; and even now not all that apply are admitted. Any restriction, or depletion of numbers, to be sure, would be a slap at the American precept of *"quantity forever,"* and would be entirely original among American colleges. But thus Yale would be not only apart from, but also above, the others.

Materially, a decrease in the number of men is not entirely imperative, though it would permit the accommodation of all freshmen, as well as upperclassmen, in College dormitories. There would be a more adequate quantity of recitation halls, for the number of divisions in certain courses would fall.

Thus the Faculty would be better able to give either individual instruction, or instruction to small groups. The number can be diminished, quite obviously, only by raising the standard of work required for entrance examinations or in courses. The higher standard would enforce an interest in intellectual work which the average undergraduate now lacks. It is always the bottom fifth that retards a class or a division; but with this fifth, for which lectures and recitations are levelled down, removed, there would be tremendous progress. Yale would be less an extra-curriculum, an athletic field, a social system, and more a place where minds can expand in the light of thought.

The standard of work done now is above the average in other colleges. But in this country certainly there is a place for one college where even mere membership can be covered, as at West Point, because of the keenness of the mental atmosphere. Yale is fitted preeminently for holding such a position. The College, with its diversity of interests, could never be narrowed into a piece of flinty intellectual machinery. But it could serve the country best by turning out each year fifty less men than now,

provided those men were correspondingly better developed. It is a warped sense of duty that clamors for half-trained numbers: the truest growth is not in quantity, but in quality.—*Yale News.*

A PLEA FOR GREATER STUDENT DEMOCRACY

A freshman remarked last week that he finds it difficult to "get within speaking distance" of many of the men in the classes above him as he meets them on the campus. We have heard similar remarks often, all voicing the plaintive realization on the part of freshmen and others, that many students, especially of the upper classes, are "cold" and unresponsive as they meet their fellow students about the Hill.

Are students too busy to greet one another, or are they, in many cases, held in unsociable silence by other restraining factors? The fact that many students are driven to the limit by pressing duties from morning till night undoubtedly robs some of their congeniality. But on the other hand, the University is not without its high-headed students who go about as though the campus had been especially reserved for them to display their self-conscious superiority. Other students stand so blindly within the limits of their class or selected set that they will not lift their eyes to behold a few thousand students about them.

Syracuse is too democratic in tone to tolerate the conventional prude. The society of the University is founded on a democratic basis. All are expected by custom to speak to one another regardless of class fraternal affiliations. Our University has too great a mission to allow its spirit to be swallowed up in unmerited conceit.

The biggest man in College is after all the man who lives least to himself. It might be well to observe that the men in the University who are doing the biggest things are the men who make themselves most agreeable and sociable among their fellows. In fact no student can exercise a very great degree of influence or leadership unless he comes forth from himself and shares the feelings and activities of his fellow Syracusans.

Let our students all conform to the fundamental character of this institution. Let no one fail to enhance the greater unity of spirit for which we are striving. Let us be more democratic.—*The Syracuse Daily Orange.*

THE PRECEPTORIAL SYSTEM

This is a day of radicalism. The zealot running at large, is breaking his images and idols in splendid iconoclastic fury, while the fanatic "pours out the molten contempt of the sciolist upon all who would make haste slowly." "Whatever is, let's change it," is the first article of the creed of these dissenters. We hesitate to lay violent hands upon so reverend and venerable an institution as the Princeton preceptorial system, and doubt, furthermore, the editorial wisdom of the *Princetonian* as a panacea. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," however. The man who wrote, "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home. So, why may we not mention Oxford?

Most laudable in its *raison d'être,* the system in its present state falls far short of its lofty ideals. Mr. George R. Parkin has said that such a system is "founded upon a true conception of education—a something that works through the intimate friction of mind on mind; that it claims to work no miracles; that, at its worst, it is not more useless than other systems, but only more expensive; that, at its best, it is, perhaps, somewhat richer in stimulus." At Princeton, evidently, the "friction of mind on mind" is producting a grating sound at present, and exasperates, frets, offends and irritates, the student who wishes to develop his little ego in a cosmos all his own—but, "his beautiful, expanding soul, untrammeled by the rule of three," must not be perturbed by the multiplication table or by geographic facts. Apparently, he must learn to spell as the bird learns to fly and sing; he must unconsciously absorb all learning as the lily drinks in the sunlight. Surely, it is excellent to know that alcohol is deleterious; that cigarettes are to be regarded with antipathy; and that the house-fly is a pernicious pedler of disease; that Vulcan was a blacksmith and that Jupiter thundered from Olympus; that certain Latin verbs govern the dative, while others are followed by the ablative; that a corolla is made up of petals and a calyx of sepals; but, do all these facts need to be flung at the "defenseless head of infancy"? Ah, yes, education is literally being crammed into the gelatinous brain of youth.

Teachers and classes far exceed, in number, preceptors and preceptorials—a distinction without a difference, perhaps, who knows? The so-called "preceptorial system" was designed, primarily, to eliminate illegitimate cramming; yet, a casual survey of the next three weeks will prove conclusively that the Princeton offspring bears not even a family resemblance to the Oxonian parent. In America, it must be confessed, we study not subjects, but courses. Years are worried into the compass of a term; vast institutions are pressed and mangled beyond recognition within the tattered covers of a textbook, written for schoolboys. "Cover the ground," is the slogan; "for our next meeting, read pages 243 to 295," is the goad.

At Princeton, however, a distinction is, at last, being made between Honor work and Pass work—a move in the right direction and an extenuating circumstance of the preceptorial system. The new plan for final special honors is attempting to draw a hard and fast line between the two on the only valid basis of courses—not upon grades. It is being realized that a firm grasp of one subject possesses a higher educational value than a superficial knowledge of several. Mere accumulation of information is being subordinated to real training of the mind. Under the general plan, too, an effort is made to separate the sheep from the goats, to the advantage of both—that is, to place men of equal ability in the same preceptorial group; thus, an incentive is given to the apt, a spur to the inapt.

The new method of Honors work takes another long stride forward in substituting the Honors examination, covering two years' study, for the regular examination at the end of senior year, covering but a single term. It is the American adaption of the Oxford system, which does not permit a man to dispose of his work from term to vacation, and from vacation to term, but which compels him to carry it—and to carry it all—through intermediate and final examinations. For years, the Princeton Faculty appeared unable to grasp the fundamental and vital fact that the Oxford examinations in their extreme thoroughness are inextricably bound up with the Oxford system, part and parcel. They attempted the impossible, in striving to make the Princeton preceptorial conform to the Oxonian model, without realizing that the final solution of the difficulties and dif-

ferences they sought to obviate was to be found in their examinations.

A feature of the English university system is still being overlooked, although its importance makes it difficult to understand how such an oversight can exist. We refer to the very essence of the Oxford tutorial—essay work and the emphasis placed upon it. Like the better examples of the Princeton preceptorial, the main characteristic of the Oxonian tutorial is absolute informality—a characteristic striven for in the belief that it promotes freedom and frankness of speech on the part of the student. Incidentally, it may be observed that there are those on both sides of the water who maintain that tobacco and congeniality cast serious reflections upon the dignity of the teacher and the manners of the pupil. Speaking generally, the English tutorial may be described as "a weekly interview lasting an hour—sometimes less, sometimes more—in which, first the student reads an essay on some prescribed subject and the student and tutor together discuss, not the essay merely, but the whole subject with which the essay deals." Plagiarism is not forbidden, simply ridiculed; but, even the knowledge gained from plagiarism is preferable to comparative ignorance.

At Princeton, in many instances a preceptor fills the function of a "coach"—to use the English term—and is nothing more or less than a private tutor. His ability and willingness to "hunch" the examination paper for his preceptees have come to be the criterion of his excellence. Yet, under the present system, an undergraduate not assigned to a preceptor of this sort is generally compelled to learn in spite of the instruction he receives. Could not this condition be ameliorated by the incorporation of the English weekly essay in the course as a preceptorial requirement? The superiority of written to oral work is established, beyond question, by the expressed satisfaction of the Faculty and by the implied knowledge accruing to the undergraduate. Underlying the whole matter is the capability or the development of the capability, to express oneself. The more thorough knowledge of a subject possessed by those who tutor and publish syllabi attests unquestionably to the value of such training.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

THE OUTER WORLD

In the eyes of some, a University is a place of seclusion, where students hide themselves from the busy activity of the world and keep company with musty volumes and shades of the past. To others (and these be not few) the University represents a palace of hilarious enjoyment, where one continuous round of social functions, "scraps," and athletic extravagances give to a man that peculiar stamp which is denoted by bizarre apparel and a halo of tobacco-smoke. We seem doomed to be regarded by outsiders as devotees of the extreme, whether it be the sublime or the ridiculous.

Yet this is not our ideal, as every college man knows, or should know. If there is one motto more than another, that should be emblazoned across our doors, it is the old Greek one—"Moderation in all things." Extremes, whether of work or of pleasure, are not for the true college man. Harmonious development is the cardinal aim in any university education. We do not wish to be lopsided, like a badly hung picture, but truly balanced, like a Greek vase.

Knowing this, it should be our care not to shut our eyes to phases of experience beyond our present occupation. We must learn to see life clearly, and see it whole. Because we are at present engaged primarily in studying, in growing mentally by an inward process of expansion, let us not become oblivious to the throbbing life of action going on around us. Most of us will one day have to join this busy throng of the actively engaged. Now is the time to get the viewpoint of the man of affairs, to acquaint ourselves with the atmosphere, the requirements of the business world. There may be much in it that repels the man of studious tastes. Its apparent artificiality, its frequent crudities, its emphasis on the external and transitory—these may shock the wanderer in academic halls. But scorn and aloofness will never eradicate its blemishes. And, indeed, looked at from afar, these blemishes may seem magnified. The College man, if any, is the one who must carry the higher qualities into the business

world; if business morale is to be raised, it is the graduates of our universities who must do it. To be a mediator between classes, a harmonizer of antagonisms, a missioner of the higher morality in every day affairs—this, in our modern world, is the highest calling of the college man. But it must be done from within, not from without.

So—to point the moral before the homily waxes over tedious—let our undergraduates see as much as possible of the business world while at college, that, on graduation, they may not be plunged into an alien atmosphere, blinking like owls unaccustomed to the garish light of common day. Many are forced to do so from pecuniary necessity; but the others should do so for reasons that are still more vital.—*The Varsity,* University of Toronto.

FROM THE SPHINX

Time: four years hence.

Place: any city.

The dialogue is between a graduate of any class now in College, and Humanity.

Hum. Why did you go to Yale?

Grad. To acquire the ideal of serving you, Humanity.

Hum. Have you that ideal?

Grad. Yes.

Hum. Well, what else have you? How can you serve me?

Grad. I have that ideal.—*Yale News.*

IN MEMORIAM

A man has gone from among us— a teacher and a friend. Few merit the titles he so nobly bore—those of the real scholar and true gentleman. Strong, sincere, zealous, analytic, democratic, a seeker after truth; a Christian gentleman, he died as he had lived, a chevalier in the line of his endeavor, "sans peur et sans reproche."

Requiescat in pace.—*The Student,* North Dakota.

SOME TRITE COMMENTS ON COLLEGE IN GENERAL

[Editor's Note.—Following was written in reply to a criticism of the American Colleges appearing in *"The Unpopular Review."*]

"He who at college points his sneer,
Proves that himself learned nothing there."

The American colleges, like the students, should never be taken as a rule but as exceptions. Each individual institution has its own great, all-absorbing problems, that must be solved in relation to its own specific needs and requirements. Outside of the general abolition of all social societies perpetuated by distinct organizations, there is no reform that would be beneficial to every university. It is all very well to propose theoretically that the colleges allow the individuality of the student full play, but what can be done when the undergraduate refuses to display any individuality and insists on conforming to type? The majority of college men the country over are practically the same. Topics of conversation, manners and modes of dress, are, in almost all cases, identical. The inflictions of the curriculum are viewed in the same light. To be a college man these days is to be a believer (true or professed—immaterial) in a rampant democracy; to pursue acquaintances ad infinitum and to unfold the glories of the larynx rather than lay up treasures in the brain.

The college man is not necessarily, like Abou Ben Adhem, the lover of his fellowman, but is the outsider in the case, who strikes up an acquaintance and then—passes judgment. The time that college men spend in discussing the virtues and vices of their fellows, would bring, if exchanged for that devoted to the curriculum, delight to every faculty. These impromptu debates divulge a king among men—a social success: he dresses well, makes a good appearance, preserves a rigid equanimity on all occasions, and never commits himself to an untoward deed or word, because to avoid indiscretions his brain works with mummy-like agility. He has neither cardinal vices nor cardinal virtues, and

derives his strength from the profound belief of the crowd that reticence is an outward visible sign denoting great depth within. There is nothing to criticise in him; socially he is the seeming paragon.

On the other hand are the luckless unfortunates, who are so rashly importunate as to attempt to develop their own particular ego. Ten per cent gather acceptable egos and spring at once into positions of leadership. The other ninety per cent find that the respectable rank and file do not approve of their egos. The mysterious divinities that shape our falsely-standardized ends, the various social systems, are considered such worthy objects of ambition even by the original, that the already accepted leaders alone, can afford to retain their individuality. The rest hear the call of standardization, try to conform, in most cases succeed only in becoming fair imitators of inferior models, and invariably receive extinction as social failures. The guilt of type should be laid at the door of the undergraduate social organization, not of the college.

It seems that the average college critic considers a definite conclusion a formality to be dispensed with. They all expect the colleges to turn out the perfect man, but none of them agree as to what parts this specific biped shall consist of. The all-around man is the usual perpetration. To be scholarly he needs solitude; to acquire character he should mix in the rush of the world; and so it goes, each contiguous angle disclosing a new requisite. The great power to which all undergraduates are alike subject is the social system. The men no longer mould, but are moulded by the various fraternities and clubs, whether national or local. Name and organization with their artificial standards have eclipsed the natural qualities they possessed when originated. When men have to strive for social distinction the submergence of their own personality is, to a certain extent, a necessity. Before the universities can develop individuality of thought among undergraduates, social clubs and fraternities to which it is an honor to belong will have to be eliminated. To preserve the inalienable right of friends to companionship, and at the same time to preclude the disadvantages of social ambition, the organic existence of college social organizations should be terminated annually. But against all avowed principles, so great is the passion of the American people for social distinction, that no one college can

afford to initiate a change in the social status quo. As at present constituted, the fraternity or club is the bug-bear of education.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

Wherever two or three moderns are gathered together, there is usually enough depression to satisfy Tragedy itself. Dismal wails and moans reverberate through Yale's entries so frequently that a stranger might think Byron or the Great Pessimist reincarnated. If undergraduates were not really quite young and callow as Kotzebue, the tense despair, the theatrical despondency, the heroic solemnity with which some of them regard Yale, might lead them to be mistaken for shattered old men. But perhaps the solemn undergraduate is merely luxuriating in an ecstasy of woe.

If he is not entirely pleased with Melancholy, this youthful disciple of frowns may have merely turned professional Yale critic. There are so many such critics that one wonders how the University, or the College, can survive another hour! What heroism it is for them to brave the dangers of becoming cynics! There really is this danger. They must feel the tremulous thrills of the martyr: they are martyrs—in sacrificing the happiness of their youth. But of course there must be martyrs. Of course, some obstreperous children must be romantically despondent. And nearly everybody must despair of Yale (which has been running so infernally, so miserably these last two hundred and twelve years), and stop being cheerful.

They had better be merry, for Yale is not going directly to Patagonia; and undergraduates are not grizzled ancients. If they would stop gnawing their finger-nails over its faults—eternal worrying cannot make Yale perfect—and grasp its joys and precious bait, the Byronic gloom would vanish.

A man may, of course, prefer to sit off in the corner, like a peevish child, and whimper about the sorrows of his surroundings, rather than avail himself of the fascination of knowing books and men. But he misses the best things in Yale. No undergraduate with enthusiasm will remain a moping cynic when that knowledge of man and books—not to be had freely later—can give him four fascinating years.—*Yale News.*

SOCIAL CLUBS

It is with diffidence that we approach the subject of social clubs—aptly called "Cornell's un-Cornellian clubs." We had hoped that sentiment would have crystalized both within and without of them and that by this time their dissolution would have been accomplished. We were afraid at the time of the publication of the article in the *Era* in which their evils were brought to public notice, that further publicity in *The Sun* would be inopportune and would retard rather than advance the cause. We hoped either that the men within the clubs themselves would look at the matter in an impartial light and would voluntarily disband, or that public sentiment would show itself so strongly that they would be forced to disband. Neither has happened.

These clubs, especially Cimex, Beth l'Amed, and Majura, are un-Cornellian.

They are un-Cornellian and harmful in three great respects. First, they are undemocratic and snobbish. Second, they tend to promote drinking, especially among underclassmen. Third, they are a menace to scholarship.

Taking up the first point, they tend to split each class, beginning even in the sophomore year. This is continued throughout the junior year, and, by the time the men are seniors, certain members of the class form a well-defined clique. This clique, this self-designated aristocracy in a democratic institution, puts itself up as the real élite of the University. While the clubs change from year to year, and some chapters are not obnoxious, snobbishness is fostered by them and will appear four times out of five.

They are called "social" clubs. That they tend to promote drinking is shown by the fact that their meetings are held in downtown cafés. Their sociability seems to consist in keeping themselves aloof from the common herd in the cafés after their meetings. What is worse is that underclassmen have the idea that to make one of them they must be seen as much as possible in these cafés.

In scholarship, the matter gets down to where undergraduates

—and Faculty members—are again vitally interested. The dropping or putting on probation of a number of our most promising athletes within the last year or two can be directly traced to these clubs; the men could carry athletics and legitimate activities, but they could not carry athletics and social excesses.

In the spring of 1910, the Faculty formally abolished the "hat clubs." By its action, Nalanda, the odd-year club, Mummy Club, the even-year organization, and Undine, the sophomore club whose members did not wear hats, ceased to have any official existence. Those clubs do not exist to-day. But their places are filled respectively by Majura, Beth l'Amed, and Cimex. In everything but name Nalanda, Mummy Club, and Undine exist now. Their ideals—or lack of ideals—their make-up, methods of election, number of members, meetings, poor scholarship, and snobbishness remain. They merely do not wear Hebrew lettered hats in public and have changed their names, also in public.

The Faculty, at the time, after a thorough investigation with information both from undergraduates and graduate members and statistics of scholastic records of their members, voted that they be abolished. They have revived. Their abuses again call for attention. This time they should be absolutely eradicated.—*Cornell Sun.*

AN "HONEST-TO-GOD" WIDOW

Our compliments and felicitations to the "Widow" on the occasion of her twentieth birthday. Under the painstaking tutelage of her hosts of admirers, the "Widow" is now "some wren," and the *Sun* is proud indeed of its little sister. To be sure, she is at times a snippy young personage, much given to caustic words and tart remarks, but her undeniable penchant that-a-ways is to be ascribed to the unthinking intolerance of youth and does not cause her elders much concern. We know that under her occasionally assumed mask of reptile criticasterism there lies the warm heart and the maiden tenderness. Canidaetically speaking, her bark is worse than her bite. May she, as the trite old saying goes, live long and happily and prosper.—*Cornell Sun.*

THE MODERN MANIA

If stuck with a pin, the undergraduate of three years ago would have moved off, with the fervor and animation of a snail; the modern undergraduate, similarly stuck, would jump and roar like a lion. Hence the modern pin-sticking ailments and annoyances of Yale fall like sparks into gunpowder. And at once we have reformations, and counter reformations, with frenzied reformers. This is all perfectly delightful—save for slumberers. The reformer always has the joy of novelty; and, if he be spectacular, the added joy of observing the shocked surprise that seizes so many faces. His way is blissfully easy, for the community has come to expect considerable reforming; and will not object to it, while the reform seems to accomplish more than the mere entertainment of the reformer.

There is, of course, always a danger, to which Yale is now peculiarly prone, in any reforming for its own sake, where the agitators have no definite goal. The minds of such men become so thoroughly saturated with the necessity of incessant changes, that they magnify the inevitable imperfections in our institutions, and imagine hideous horrors. Spectres begin stalking through Yale. Then the iconoclast ceases to remove the idols gently: he begins to go after them with hammer and tongs. And the community either laughs or weeps. Though Yale is probably sounder now than ever before, many of the institutions doubtless need prodding. Some may possibly be drifting towards perdition so rapidly that we may even need to import reformers. Who knows?

But if the institutions are at fault, the mending populace is, too. The Library is not entirely to blame, because people do not read. The critics of the social system, in any class, typically bewail hypocrisy and excessive abuse of activities. But where is the hypocrisy; inside the system or out? There is much too much trying to make all our institutions fool-proof. Some of the present reforming is doubtless beneficial. But however beneficial, the reformers might make sure that the trouble is not with themselves, in using magnifying glasses where they should use mirrors.—*Yale News.*

KEEPING OUT OF MISCHIEF

A solemn senior told us unblushingly that certain managerships in Yale College were extremely beneficial "because they kept men out of mischief." Such a statement from a freshman would have been pathetic enough; but from a senior, it must have touched and grieved even a stone. What could have inspired this naïve nonsense of substituting drudgery for the devil, nobody knows. But, to apply it, managerships, of all things, are superbly ineffectual in keeping people out of trouble. Just because a man is busy, he will not become a saint: some of the busiest men in the world are the most abject scamps. Business has even driven men to drink. Thus, managerships might possibly send a man to perdition. But whatever spiritual stimulus they impart, all the managerships in Yale College could save only a few souls annually. And, unfortunately, of the few thus eligible for salvation, nearly all have already been saved.

There are, of course, many other ways of keeping undergraduates out of mischief. The campus gates might be locked at ten each evening; and lights might be extinguished then. And during the day gangs of undergraduates might be organized to dig ditches down High Street. A few more managerships might be created, with more bookkeeping, and more drudgery. Dwight Hall might have a few more laborious workers—just to be kept out of mischief. And if the College is so tremendously wicked that something formidable must be used to restrain it, we suggest that the convict ship *Success* be bought, and placed in the campus. What a splendid sense of responsibility could be developed in the jailers!

The devil cannot be duped by drudgery. If an undergraduate is to be helped toward moral perfection, he must have some spiritual and intellectual aspiration, wherein his mind and soul are raised above the earthly mire. By engrafting his character upon ledgers, or even upon football fields, an undergraduate can achieve nothing but dire despair, and a place among the gloomy though "efficient." But a Yale undergraduate, alive to the joy of living, can find enough to keep him seraphically busy by extricating an intellect from Yale.—*Yale News.*

"MORE HONORED IN THE BREACH"

Experience is certainly the mother of wisdom. Of individuals living at the same time, the oldest has, of course, a greater experience than the young, and consequently greater wisdom. But among generations of men the reverse of this is true. The present generation is the wisest because it has received the fruits of the work of every preceding generation. That is to say metaphorically speaking, that Aristotle was a baby, Charlemagne a dapper youth, and the modern college man a Venerable Bede. Why not? A man should be fairly wise who could add the life of the race—about 5,846 plus 21 years—whose accumulated intelligence is part of his inheritance, to his own. Everyone should be satisfied then to admit that the college man of to-day is in a far better position to regulate his own affairs, than to be forever ruled by the customs of his ancestors.

The graduates of Princeton, except those whom we have been fortunate enough to retain in the Faculty, have no influence upon our lives as undergraduates. Then why should we religiously cling to institutions which they left us as an inheritance without weighing them on the scales of reason? It is the same old story of the aggregate body of the living submissively submitting themselves to the everlasting dominion of the aggregate body of the dead.

George Washington was a great man. Yet we do not wear short satin trousers and large buckled patent-leathers, or use powder and snuff, to prove it. No man has ever been more admired than Thomas Jefferson. Yet we have seen fit to abolish slavery, the institution that intimately affected his environment through life. The history of the world is but a history of the revolutions and changes in thought and feeling. Eruptions are bound to occur from time to time, whether semi-annually as in the weather, every seven years as in the case of professors, or vernally as with asparagus.

The *Princetonian* has never suggested a change in anything merely for the sake of change. Neither have our criticisms been

based on cynicism. We have believed, and believed firmly and sincerely after much thought, that every measure we have suggested would be for the best interest of Princeton. To be specific:

For years men thought it equitable and just, a privilege inherent in them as Princeton men, to sit promiscuously in anyone else's lecture seat in order to save them a cut. The practice was eradicated; an old Princeton custom fell. Men will in future consider this practice dishonorable. No one can possibly regret it, and yet the *Princetonian* was heartily abused and criticised at the time for weakening the Honor System, encroaching on the rights of Monitors, Professors, men's personal liberty, etc.

It had long been a habit in Princeton to bedlamize the campus on Sunday afternoons over the visits of stray characters with uncertain reputations. The custom was abolished. No one henceforward will consider himself less a true Princeton man because he does not ring cow-bells on Sunday afternoons.

The *Princetonian* last spring severely criticised the sectional clubs collectively. It just so happened that one or two of them had been doing something for Princeton. The *Princetonian* was at once accused of "going off half-cocked," of making statements without knowing facts. Out of it all a system has been evolved by which every Sectional Club will be of real service to Princeton. At present they are being thoroughly reorganized.

The *Princetonian* urged the abolition of secrecy in the Halls. "Purely a destructive policy" was the prevalent comment. But the *Princetonian* urged and urges this measure for sound practical reasons. The Halls have ceased to be the intellectual centres of Princeton they once were. At that time the secret dual-rival system was most successful. Owing to changed conditions, it is no longer of use. Then why not change it. Make one hall a debating society, a forum in which all undergraduates are free to discuss University and other questions,—a place where non-partisan organizations such as the Municipal and Law Clubs can hold meetings. Make the other the literary centre of the University The spirit of literature has never been given a chance to make itself felt in Princeton. It has been lying dormant for a long time, but it is nevertheless here. Enthused with the vigor of a new generation, the halls would soon burst again into their pristine activity.

The *Princetonian* is heartily and sincerely opposed to "horsing." We believe that it is an institution detrimental to the progress of Princeton; a process that is crushing the life out of the very thing that Princeton men ought to stand for—individuality.

Of course we make mistakes. But even so, as Dr. Lyman Abbott said: "The mistakes that make us men, are better than the petty accuracies that keep us children." Our policy as pointed out in a communication yesterday has been inconsistent. Our Social system makes it imperative that freshmen and sophomores should not approach or even think of Prospect Avenue. But after all it is impossible to go through life without being accused of inconsistency by analytical and orthodox critics. Better to follow the advice of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—"Don't be consistent, be simply true."

The greatest possible good that the editorial columns of a college paper can accomplish is to get the undergraduates to think for themselves. Therefore if certain existing conditions are considered false, and it stands to reason that improvements in college customs are as feasible as in anything else, it is perfectly justifiable to antagonize them. Naturally the shell of self-complacency that hallows some individuals will be pricked, and the public peace will be disturbed to a certain extent. But too much public peace and thoughtless self-complacency have cast far stronger institutions than Princeton into oblivion.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

QUERY

In connection with training, there is a certain foolish custom in vogue among a certain class of athletes professional and amateur. That is at the close of a season to break training.

Many are willing to live the strictest, straightest sort of life for six or eight weeks; but when the direct cause is removed, drop it like a tough job. Results—when the next year comes round, it must all be done over again and from the bottom.

If the training were kept up moderately during the intervening months, and the start made at the beginning of a new season on all that time of physical upbuilding, what then?—*The Student,* North Dakota.

WAKE UP

Although the University has opened with the largest enrollment in its history and the best football team that ever represented a southern college, there is yet a surprising amount of indifference along all lines of college activities being shown by the bulk of the student body. The cheering has been discussed through the forum of this paper, and in assemblies on the campus, to such an extent that it will no doubt show considerable improvement in the game to come.

But the most important organization on the campus—the Student's Association—is meeting with most discouraging lack of support. There are at present approximately eleven hundred students enrolled in all departments of the University. Less than a hundred and fifty joined the association. This surprising lack of support is not because the matter has not been properly presented to the students. Almost every man has been approached personally, and the others must surely have heard and read what the association stands for.

Aside from all personal advantages which it offers to its members—for these advantages have been set forth time and time again—the Students' Association should be supported by the students because it is their association, if for no other reason. There is not a single man in the University, no matter how stinted his sense of patriotism, who does not believe that athletics and the three publications are good things. And yet there are only a hundred and fifty out of the eleven hundred who are willing to make any personal sacrifice for the support of these "good things." There may be some few who have excellent reasons for remaining outside the association, but for the most part it is merely total absence of college spirit.

This furnishes an excellent basis for a general division of the student body into two classes, men and mollycoddles.

On the one hand are those who do things—who, without any thought of monetary remuneration, spend all their spare time in working for Vanderbilt in some special line of work.

While on the other hand are the mollycoddles—the fancy fellows—who have not time to do anything for Vanderbilt because it is absolutely necessary that they adorn Fifth Avenue and Church Street every afternoon. It is, of course, impossible for them to spend any money for student publications or anything so trifling, because it is absolutely necessary that Gwendoline must attend the next show, and before long another jewel must be added to the fraternity pin she is wearing. These mollycoddles are perfectly content to remain drones in the society of the campus and boast of being students in Vanderbilt University—as if they ever did anything in their lives to make Vanderbilt the great University that she is.

Vanderbilt is a great University, because in the past her men have outnumbered her mollycoddles. She is great not because of her fancy fellows, but in spite of them, for the greatness of a University depends not upon the number of students but upon their character. The situation this year is about the worst, looked at from any viewpoint, that has existed for many years. What is needed is a general awakening among the students to a realization that it is their unavoidable duty to support their own institutions.

Are you a man or a mollycoddle?—*The Vanderbilt Hustler.*

THE COLLEGE DRUNK

College men, being thrown upon their own resources, have a chance to show either that they are able to take care of themselves or that they ought to be kept at home, where they might have someone to take care of them. If any judgment can be formed from the various midnight carousings about the student district recently, there are a number of young men at the University who have been sent out from their homes too early in life. These so-called "stew-parties" are not only injurious to the individuals who take part in them, but they disturb the community and disgrace the University in which they are held. They are not an indication of manliness, but of lack of will-power and judgment. Neither are they a part of the broadening education supposed to be furnished by colleges. A young man can learn to get drunk anywhere; it is a waste of time and money to come to college to learn it.—*The Daily Illini.*

COLLEGE SPIRIT

College Spirit, spelled with capitals and thought of as an intangible something greatly to be desired, is sometimes a curse. While we are seeking it so diligently we often lost sight of the fact that it ceases to be a virtue when improprieties and injustices can be committed under cover of its magic name. But leaving generalities aside, let's look the situation squarely in the face and find a few specific instances. Take the question of night-shirt parades. We have no objection to the parade. But when a reckless gang of paraders make an exuberance of College Spirit their excuse for robbing, rioting and pillaging; when they make fools of themselves, and cast suspicion on their fellow students under the guise of institutional loyalty; when they paint the town red in a misdirected attempt to display their college pride,—then, we say, College Spirit should have some of its intoxicating ingredients extracted.

College Spirit is a curse when it prompts a student to stoop to any dishonorable act in order to uphold the prestige of his school. To place money on a game because of a misconceived idea that loyalty to team and college demands it, is a fatal error common among college men. Gambling on the athletic contest, even when prompted by an overflow of zeal, is an evil just the same as the game of chance conducted in a dive or den.

But it is a misconception of College Spirit that makes such unreasonable demands of the men wearing the institution's colors. Apply the test to athletics or what you will, College Spirit, truly interpreted, is just and sensible. The trouble is that "College Spirit" has become a mere catch phrase with which college students love to conjure. It is used as an excuse—an apology for something that has no right to exist. There IS a GENUINE College Spirit,—and it is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." It means real loyalty,—not vandalism and roughneckism. Love of institution that prompts sane, beneficial activity—not rowdyism—is what the term comprehends. In its truest sense, College Spirit expresses all that college life means to us. It is a crystalization of the undercurrent of the institution. It is the moving force.—*The Texan.*

THE HOME STRETCH

We are now on the home stretch of the year 1912-13. With some it is now a test to see whether the ever thinning trouser's seat will last until the end of school and we can get home. With others it is a test to see whether we can "stall the Prof. off" a little longer without letting him find out how little we know about his subject. And with still others it is a question as to whether that last ten dollars after deducting two dollars for R. R. fare, will carry us through.

And what will these students do when at length the year is over and the final sprint finished?

Ah! Some will go home and mow the lawn between smokes, and next fall Dad will yield up a few hundred dollars to them because they helped him so much during the summer. But for others it is a harder matter to spend the vacation. It is necessary for them to take get-rich-quick lessons from professional grafters so that they can bunco the farmer, and the unsuspecting housewife with sure cures for corns on the ear, headache in the head and backache in the back—because money must be acquired during the summer by some means.

How different is our view of life now from that we held when we used to chase around barefooted among the stubble, fighting bumble bees' nests with paddles for the honey that was to be had at the end of an hour's fight with the bumbling insects! How with great swelled places on our cheeks and on our bare legs we would tell our friends of the big fight with no less zeal than a Wellington would tell of his victory over Napoleon.

But those days when our wardrobe consisted of a blue shirt and a pair of overalls are gone, and with it went the carefree attitude that hangs around the swimming pool and the trapeze out in the old apple tree. The college man begins to look upon the world with the thought that there is a hole in civilization that he must fill.

The "Home Stretch" in college brings different visions to the home stretch of the school year when we were in the fourth grade.—*University Daily Kansan.*

PRIVATE READING

It is commonly said that a man never knows when he has a good thing until he knows what it is to be without it; and it may be doubted whether many Hopkins undergraduates, who have never had a chance to know any but the Hopkins way of undergraduate instruction, really appreciate the value of the training they are getting. We generally think of Hopkins as a graduate institution, standing very near the top in a class of graduate schools which includes Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Yale, the University of Chicago, and Leland Stanford, Jr., University. We are not likely, as a rule, to rate its undergraduate department so high. We see that it is not one of the popular colleges of the country. No such throngs of students flock to it as to Princeton, Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, or even Dartmouth, Amherst, and Virginia. But aside from the lack of patriotism evinced by such an attitude, we should not be so rash as to judge by appearances. If we turn over the leaves of the catalogue of collegiate instruction we shall notice one significant fact; and in that one fact lies the whole secret of the Hopkins way of undergraduate teaching—in fifteen of the nineteen departments of the University, undergraduate courses are given by the same men who direct graduate work. This fact, taken together with the small size of Hopkins classes, brings into undergraduate work at Hopkins a great amount of graduate method. We are not herded in droves of fifty or more into the classroom of some young instructor who hears lessons out of a textbook—a method which at other colleges is absolutely imperative because of the number of students. Instead, we have an opportunity to come into personal contact with men of wide experience and acknowledged learning, who put us on the track of finding out things for ourselves. We may sometimes repine at the "tremendous" amount of private reading we are requested to do, but we cannot help seeing, if we think about the matter at all, that we are on the only royal road to knowledge and to the ability to acquire knowledge. Let us not chafe be-

neath our load of private reading; let us go at it keen with the desire of discovery. Let us rejoice that subservience to a text-book is not the Hopkins way.—*The News Letter,* Johns Hopkins University.

A BARNYARD REGIME

The hen that lays an egg a day will soon replace the eagle as the national bird, said the National Poultry, Eggs and Butter Association at its convention in Chicago a few days ago.

Shades of our old speckled dominecker! There has been a general tendency to adopt barnyard language into our slang vocabulary, but now a national convention of poultrymen is going to force the modest hen to assume that bow-legged militant attitude on top of a shield and flap her wings and cry, "E Pluribus Unum!"

It was always hard enough on the eagle. Now that bird has gotten used to perching on top of flagpoles and eluding us on the back of silver coins, taunting us from the safe refuge of official seals, and screaming in an outrageous manner at safe and sane Fourth of July celebrations. It must be a sign of the times, the banishment of the lordly eagle and the crowning of the militant hen.

It will be a strenuous life for the hen. That meek, contented chuckle, and joyous cackle of simple barnyard life must enlarge to hoarse croaks on ordinary occasions and real exuberant screams on the proper signal. She must cultivate a boldly extended chest on which to bear a shield, and get her claws used to holding a sheaf of arrows and a tree branch. She might as well get an aeroplane, too, because the national bird has simply got to soar. Her husband, the rooster, must be content in the future to crow victoriously at election times and ever after hold his peace, while his mate shrilly announces from the peak of the Capitol dome, "suk-cuk-la-duckit."

It will be just like the old rooster to start talking about the sphere of women. But wait! The eagle still reigns. The hen must first lay an egg a day. Maybe it will be a Missouri hen.—*University Missourian.*

THINK IT OVER

In a sophmore's room the other day, a group of normal, healthy men were discussing the personality and ability of various other men, who, needless to add, were not present. All unconsciously they showed their ideas and ideals of college life.

The name of Doe, a man who stands near the head of his class, was brought up. A big, tanned fellow quickly said: "Yes, he gets good marks, but I don't think he has much to him, he plugs for everything he gets." A chorus of approval showed that everyone agreed.

The talk went on and another man, Roe, became the object of comment. A junior added to the verbal bouquets by saying: "There's a smart fellow for you, he could pull straight A's if he would try." Some asked: "Has he ever got an A?" "Well, no, but he could if he wanted to."

We think this typifies the general attitude. The able man doesn't work, he doesn't have to. Only dull and stupid people "grind," and they should be, and are, looked down upon. We well remember a truly brilliant member of last year's senior class who was so afraid that some one would catch him studying, and hence he would lose his reputation for getting results without effort, that he always had a popular magazine on his desk. When anyone opened the door, down went Horace or Plato on the floor, and the visitor would find our Phi Beta Kappa man immersed in a story by Oppenheim and would go on his way marveling.

We expect persistency and work from the men who try for our teams, and pour the vials of our wrath on the sprinter who will not sprint. But we glorify the student who will not study and very, very often, we are apt to regard the fact that a man doesn't study as proof positive that he is a student. Do we not realize that nothing worthy of mention can be accomplished without hard, disagreeable toil? We should judge by efforts and results, not by real or fancied potentialities. By our present attitude we are encouraging superficiality in work, confirming

loafers in their laziness, and deterring men from study. Can true scholarship thrive in such an atmosphere, and is not the foremost purpose of the college to turn out scholars?—*The Bowdoin Orient.*

WHAT IS AN AMATEUR?

What is an amateur athlete? Listen, and you shall hear. He is one who has never used his athletic skill for gain. He is one who has never played baseball for money. He is one who has never played against professionals in a game where admission was charged, nor where any part of the proceeds was distributed among the members of the teams. The amateur athlete has never received compensation for teaching another athlete how to win points. Nor has he ever participated in a Sunday-school picnic race where more than a box of candy was offered as a prize. He has never won a prize pig at a corn plowing contest nor has he ever been proclaimed champion at a pie-eating match. He has never tossed nickles at a crack. The amateur athlete has never either matched pennies or played marbles for keeps. What is an amateur athlete? He is a nonentity.—*The Minnesota Daily.*

THE TATTERED ARISTOCRACY

The type of decadent gentleman who rides under a Pullman is quite bewitching. His carefree air, his patches and nonchalance, have often magnetized the pockets of even the shrewdest undergraduate. He never seems to beg, but rather to grant a favor in condescending to receive a gift. Far above the common drudge, he is, indeed, the complete aristocrat, who roams the country, seeking crusty pleasure anywhere.

The undergraduate, unused to "quality," is greatly at a disadvantage in dealing with such personages. They always accept his boons; but instead of appeasing hunger with them, these fallen aristocrats—quench their thirst! Of this neither the Yale Hope Mission nor society at large can approve.

If the undergraduate must bow before these frayed barons, he can either give them tickets for profitable entertainment at the Mission, or he can buy them a harmless dinner at a lunch counter.—*Yale News.*

NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS

There are certain newspapers which have always maintained a reputation for the cleverness and style of their editorials. The four reprinted below are taken from some of the best-known papers and may be accepted as models of clear, accurate writing:

General William F. Bartlett

The Massachusetts of this generation has bred no so heroic a character as that of the man whom she will bury, with sadness and with honor, in Berkshire this week. He left Harvard College to enlist at the breaking out of the war, and served till the end. He was wounded many times, lost a leg, endured extreme hardships in Southern prisons, and was a sufferer from his injuries during all his remaining years. His later life was spent in private business. With no ambition and no pretense as an orator or public leader, hardly any man in these last years has oftener or better said the timely word, and turned men's thoughts from party passions and personal advantage in politics to higher things both in thought and effort. His eloquence was the eloquence of simplicity, earnestness, and brevity. His speeches, at the dedication of the Harvard Memorial Hall, at the Lexington Centennial, and on other occasions, all bore one spirit, they all sought one end—that of burial of the conflicts of the war in a common national feeling. At Lexington he said: "Men cannot always choose the right course; but when, having chosen that which conscience dictates, they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves; and the men who for conscience's sake fought against their government at Gettysburg ought easily to be forgiven by the sons of the men who for conscience's sake fought their government at Bunker's Hill." He held himself aloof from party bounds, and parties competed for the honor of his name. This is the outline of a life so far as it appeared to the public. But it was noble and heroic in private, and the sweetness that goes with all true nobility and heroism was as divine a characteristic of General Bartlett's nature. He

faced the slow, sure approach of death as bravely and as calmly as he moved to the front in battle, or denounced a mean thought or unworthy action in public life. We talk with a glow of Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sydney; but here, in Frank Bartlett, was all they were and more—what they could not be, because the standards of the age did not suggest it all. A republic based on the equality of men, and society that recognizes women not simply as an object of gallantry, but the companion-leader of all life, give a finer quality and a more even edge to our Bayards and our Sydneys.....General Bartlett's fortune was his character, his family, and his friends. The one is clear and unspotted; the next, a beautiful wife and five young children—the youngest of whom, a babe, was baptized, as it were in his dying arms, but a few days ago, while he partook of the last sacrament, and himself sang the sacramental hymn with a voice as clear and ringing as that with which he ever called his soldiers to battle; and his friends include everybody who ever knew him.—SAMUEL BOWLES, Springfield (Mass.) *Republican.*

Is There a Santa Claus?

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the *Sun:*

"Dear Editor:—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says 'if you see it in *The Sun* it's so.' Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON"

"115 West Ninety-fifth Street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured

by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exists, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Clause coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.—Charles A. Dana, New York *Sun*.

The Aristocracy of Brains and Character

When these poor butterflies have shed their gilded wings and are forgotten as worms, or the food of worms, the world will

continue to bow in reverence and honor to the nobler souls who have refused to be swerved by pomp and luxury from the ideals of a success which is unrelated to money. It will remember Agassiz, who refused to lecture at five hundred a night because he was "too busy to make money." It will remember Charles Sumner, who would not lecture at any price because, "as senator all his time belonged to Massachusetts." It will remember Charles Spurgeon, who was invited to come to America for fifty lectures at one thousand dollars each, but said in answer: "No, I will do better, I will stay in London, and try to save fifty souls." It will remember Emerson, who steadfastly declined to increase his income beyond twelve hundred dollars, "because he wanted time to think."

And not only in time past, but in the living present there are brave, strong men who are making history and building honor upon a better base than money. Who is the most distinguished figure in the American Senate to-day? Not Clark of Montana, with his piling millions, nor Stewart, of Nevada, but George Frisbie Hoar, serene and noble idealist of Massachusetts, who lives in a cottage at Worcester on three thousand a year, and does not even keep a carriage. What noisy nabob has such genuine distinction as old Joe Wheeler, patrician of Alabama, hero of two republics and gentleman of honor, living on his pension and loyal to his ideals?

And there is William D. Howells, whose standards, nobly and unselfishly maintained, have won him fame and later fortune. And St. Gaudens, the sculptor, working with a faith unspoiled by money, carving calmly for the approval of the coming centuries. And Elihu Vedder, in plain lodgings in Rome, laughing to scorn the American money that would tempt him from his beloved art to garish and profitable advertisement. And Thomas Edison, who would scorn to be ranked for the millions which he spends fearlessly and unsparingly for other inventions and discoveries for the advancement of the race. And President Eliot of Harvard, and Presidents Pratt of Chicago, and Butler of Columbia, each with superb administrative talents that might win millions, living on moderate incomes to the great end of service and achievement in the lives of the Republic's youth. And there is Dr.

Rainsford, the New York clergyman, who might have been not only a captain, but a general of industry, holding without wealth, a personal power over the most distinguished men of the world, with Pierpont Morgan and Mayor McClellan passing the plate in his church, and living the splendid ideals which he eloquently preaches. And Mansfield and Irving, be it said to their infinite credit, might have been vastly rich to-day if they had not heroically poured their earnings upon the altar of a higher art and a better stage. Who can doubt that Theodore Roosevelt, if he had bowed himself to gain, might have amassed enormous wealth? Yet he has stubbornly followed another and nobler ideal of success that his private fortune to-day is less than eight thousand dollars. And William Travers Jerome, whose daily opportunities have been one continuous invitation to be rich, but who has bravely chosen to be a clean and brave and honest reformer at the expense of fortune.

Let no man think that these lines depreciate money nor the independence and liberty which comes from easy means.

But let no youth of these striving times imagine that money alone brings permanent honor or enduring happiness.

If the modern aristocracy of wealth refuses social recognition to the really great, unless the great be also rich, be sure there is a nobler aristocracy of brain and character without blazonry which despises the foolish standards of the poorly rich.

There is a mighty cloud of witnesses that the nobler idealism is not dead in this republic of the free.—John Temple Graves, in the *Atlantic News*.

To Editorial Writers—Adopt Ruskin's Main Idea

"His pen is rust, his bones are dust (or soon will be), his soul is with the saints, we trust."

Ruskin is to be buried in Westminster Abbey. It is a fine home for a dead man, with Chatham and his great son Pitt in one tomb, and the other great skeletons of a great race moldering side by side so neighborly.

The death of a wolf means a meal for the other wolves. The death of a great man means a meal—mental instead of physical—

for those left behind. Wolves feed their stomachs—we feed our brains—on the dead.

There is many a meal for the hungry brain in Ruskin's remains. We offer now a light breakfast to that galaxy of American talent called "editorial writers."

Editorial writing may be defined in general as "the art of saying in a commonplace and inoffensive way what everybody knew long ago." There are a great many competent editorial writers, and the bittern carrying on his trade by the side of some swamp is about as influential as ten ordinary editorial writers rolled into one.

Why is it that we are so worthless, O editorial writers? Why do we produce such feeble results? Why do we talk daily through our newspapers to ten millions of people and yet have not influence to elect a dog catcher?

Simply because we want to sound wise, when it is impossible. Simply because we are foolish enough to think that commonplaces passed through our commonplace minds acquire some new value. We start off with a wrong notion. We think that we are going to lead, that we are going to remedy, that we are going to do the public thinking for the public.

Sad nonsense. The best that the best editorial writer can achieve is to make the reader think for himself. At this point we ask our fellow editorial men—our superiors, of course—to adopt Ruskin's idea of a useful writer.

In a letter to Mrs. Carlyle, written when he was a young man, he outlined the purpose which he carried out, and which explains his usefulness to his fellow-men:

"I have a great hope of disturbing the public peace in various directions."

This was his way of saying that he hoped to stir up dissatisfaction, to provoke irritation, impatience and a determination to do better among the unfortunate. He did good, because he awoke thought in thousands of others, in millions of others.

Editorial writers, don't you know that stirring up dissatisfaction is the great work you can do?

Tell the poor man ten thousand times:

"There is no reason why you should be overworked. There is

no reason why your children should be half-fed and half-educated. There is no reason why you should sweat to fatten others."

Tell them this often enough, stir up their determination sufficiently—they will find their own remedies.

If you want to drive out the handful of organized rogues that control politics and traffic in votes, don't talk smooth platitudes. Tell the people over and over again that the thieves are thieves, that they should be in jail, that honest government would mean happier citizens, that the individual citizen is responsible. Keep at it, and the county will be made better by those who alone can make it better—the people.—Hearst Newspapers, ARTHUR BRISBANE, *Editor-in-Chief*.

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